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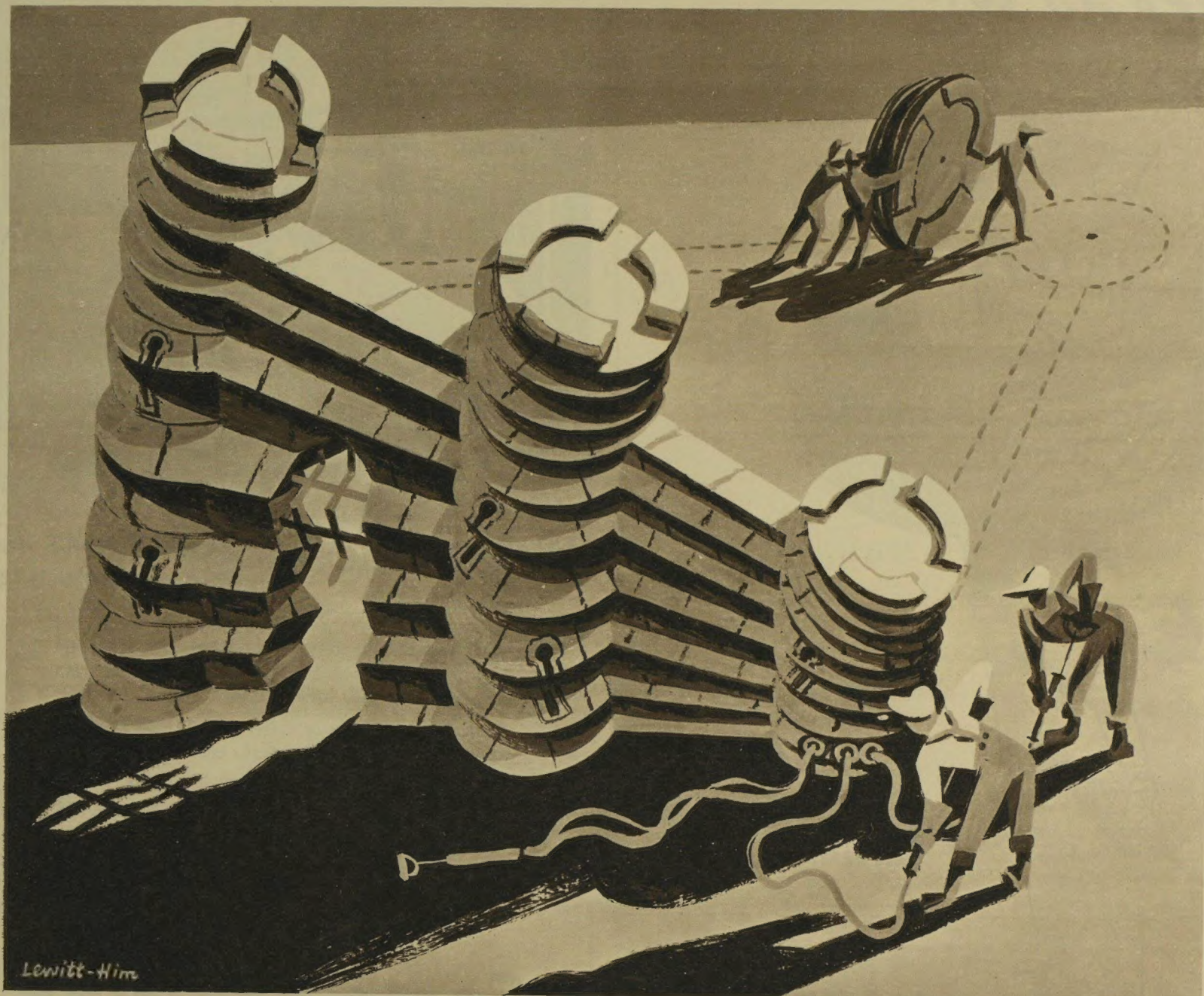
For full information apply: Head Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 (Liverpool Central 9201), Cunard Building, 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890), 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or any local travel agent.

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ENGLISH HERITAGE CO., LTD., (write Room D, 619 Beltane Road) gives this message from the Old World to the New. In former days the need was met by taking to pieces very old Suffolk barns and putting them together again in exact replica, with the rats' nests pasteurised, somewhere in the U.S.A., often Florida.

Occasionally, extremely ruined castles were treated in the same way. The picture shows, we hope, an advance. Rather small, light, pneumatic thirteenth century castles are put up in England and immediately taken down again. Deflated, they are shipped in



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Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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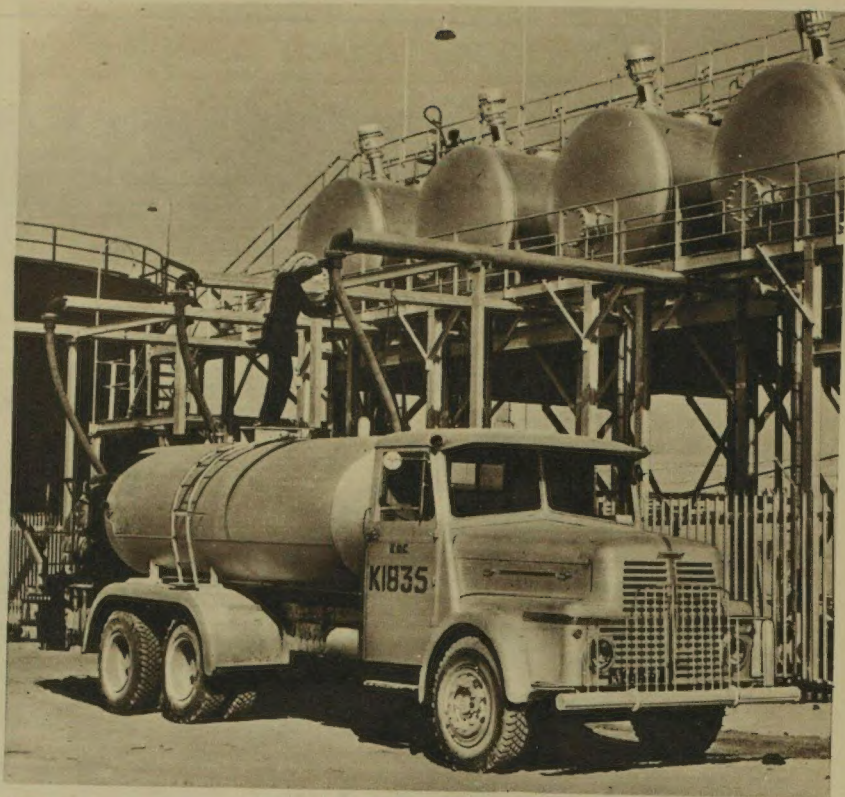
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Publication T.C.V. 1346 with text in English, French and Spanish is of special interest to Overseas Buyers.

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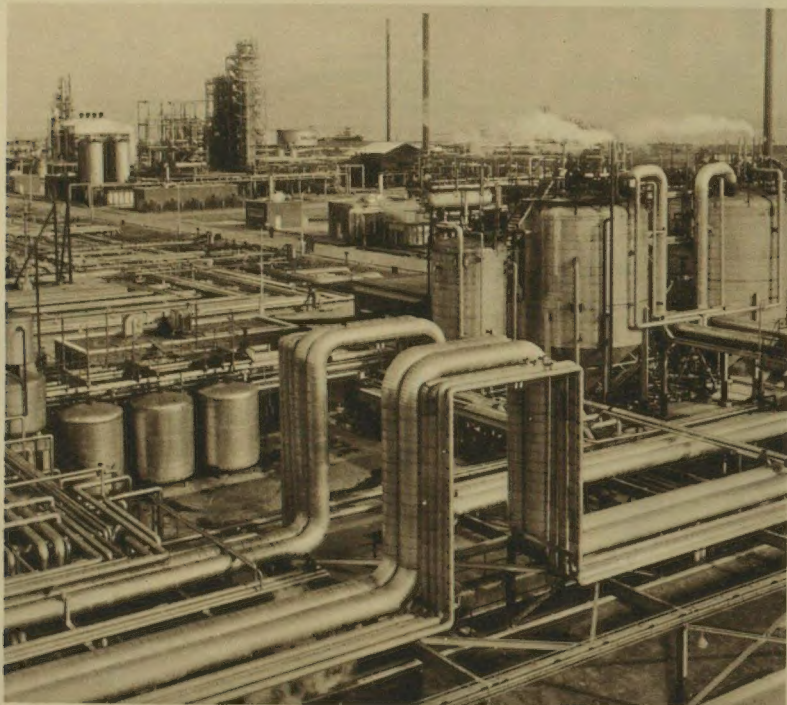
This plain porringer was made in 1677 in the English West Country by a man whose initials were R.C. Formerly in the possession of the Morris family the porringer is inscribed on the bottom in contemporary lettering with the initials and dates of the various owners ; beginning in the 17th century with I M , the record runs through the 18th century M M , I E ; and the 19th century I A , A E , A. R. M until after M M 1917 the porringer finally left the family in the 20th century.

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PORTRAIT OF L. S. LOWRY by Nicholas Egon

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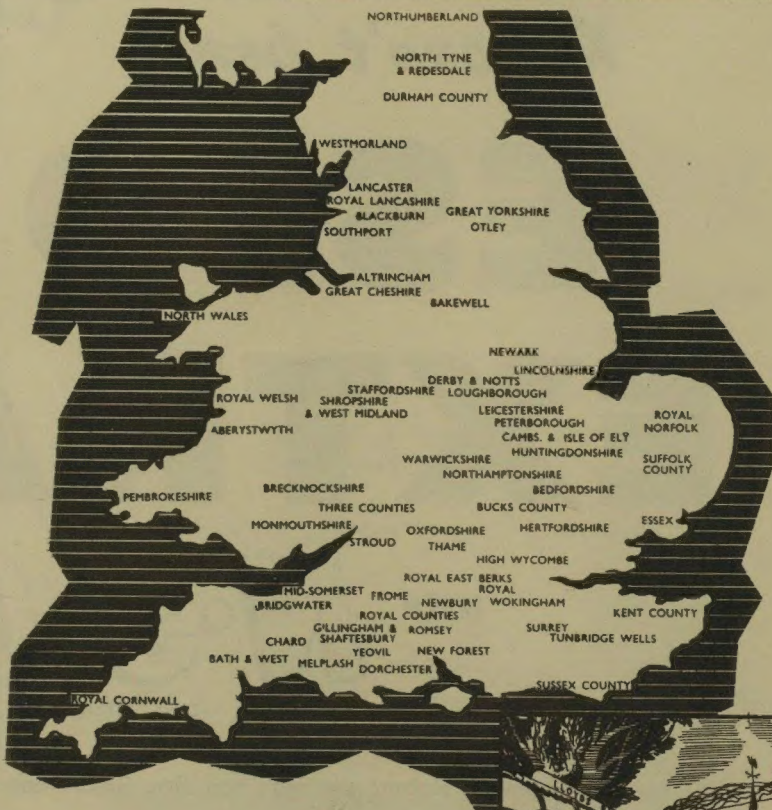
Oil Refinery at Coryton

Civil engineering and building work for this important project has been carried out by the company for Vacuum Oil Company Limited at Coryton. Heavy concrete foundations, reinforced concrete structures, piling, roads and drainage, and the water intake works and jetty were all completed on schedule time.

The water intake was constructed in reinforced concrete on the Mulberry harbour principle at Gravesend and Tilbury and floated down the Thames to the refinery.



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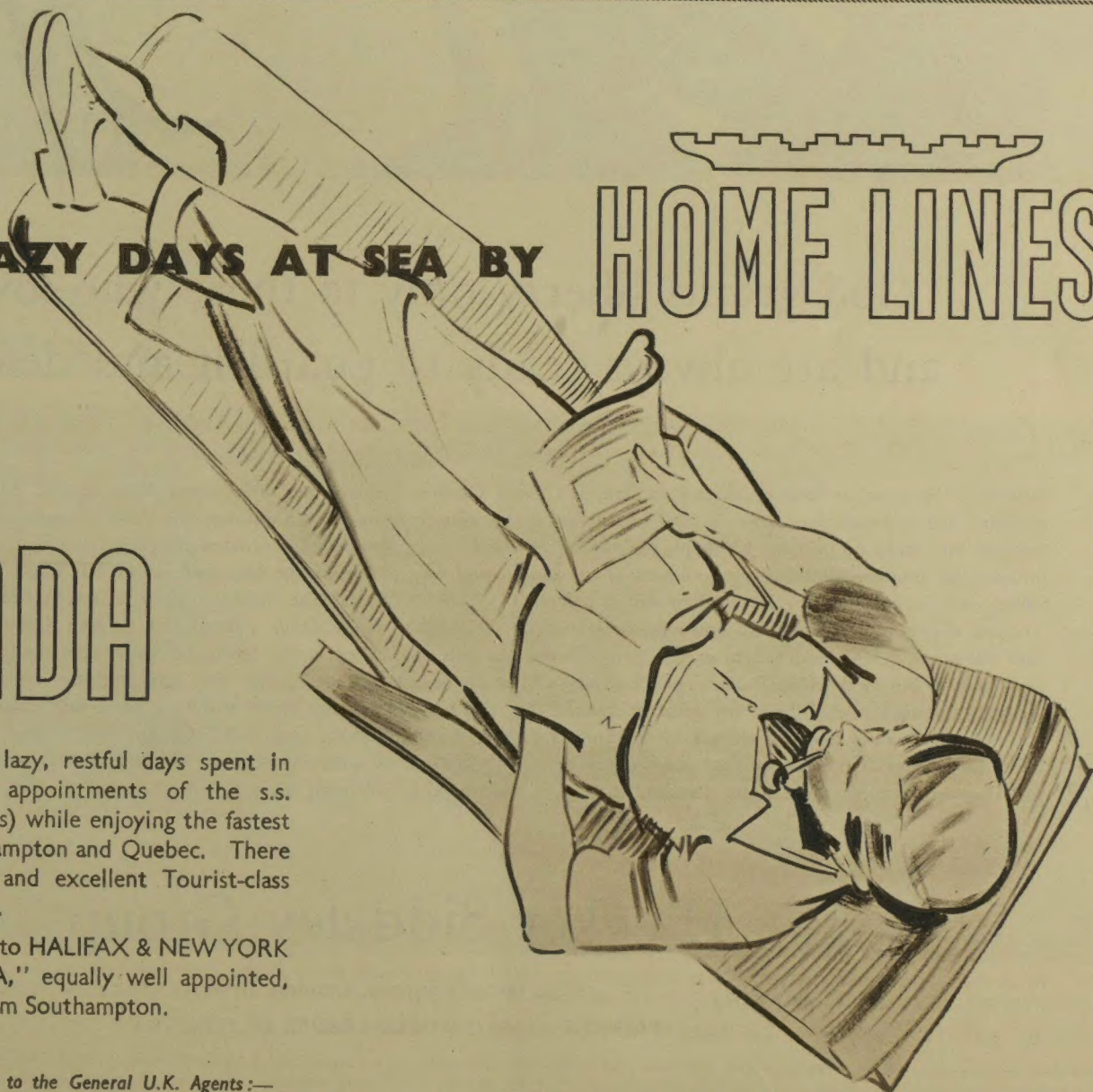
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and are always ready to guard it and defend it”

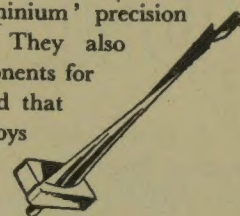
DANIEL WEBSTER, 1782-1852

Busy with bananas or brussels sprouts in famous Covent Garden market, Charlie Smith may show no taste for stirring quotations on freedom but, make no mistake, he deeply believes in it! Charlie and millions like him are the living embodiment of freedom — and two world wars have only strengthened their will to defend it.

The *will* to defend freedom must, however, be backed by the *means*. And the surest defence of freedom is Air Power. Power not only to resist attack, but to deter it. Peace through strength. The Hawker Siddeley Group is one of the many great companies devoting time and effort and money to this great task. Group companies design and build the jet aircraft and engines that guard our skies . . . aircraft like the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the

Armstrong Whitworth Sea Hawk; engines like the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, the Avro Canada Orenda . . . and now the potent new Guided Missiles.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954.



(TOP) IN THE ROYAL BOX: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTHER, AND (BELOW) MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY STANDING BY THE RAILS: (L. TO R.) THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, HER DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER.

THE QUEEN AT EPSOM: DERBY DAY PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Her Majesty the Queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and her débutante daughter, Princess Alexandra of Kent, went to Epsom to see the Derby, in which it was hoped that her Majesty's horse *Landau* would have given a good account of himself; but he was unplaced.

Her Majesty, who was wearing a lemon-yellow silk suit with a petal hat, went with the Earl of Rosebery to see *Landau* saddled and watched the race (illustrated on other pages) from the Royal Box. On the following day *Aureole* won the Coronation Cup for her Majesty; and she and the Duke were present to see her *Angel Bright* run in the Oaks on June 4. The filly was unplaced.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN a most moving speech delivered last winter in the Guildhall at the annual dinner of the City Livery Guilds, that staunch friend of Anglo-American understanding, Douglas Fairbanks the younger, spoke of the general power of appeal possessed by the City of London. "London," he said, "is an institution and, like all institutions, all art, all philosophy, depends on the degree to which people can identify themselves with them for their fame and influence. . . . As we feel our way back through the ordered disarray, through the misty, grimy continuity of history (with the same uncertainty which many strangers feel on trying to find an address in the City), we are all, from wherever we come, filled with a wealth of race memories and recognitions. We can all of us identify something that belongs to us in this City—some historical or cultural 'address.' Thus, London can be toasted by all civilised men."

This is very flattering to a Londoner. Yet the truth of Mr. Fairbanks's charming compliment reflects no particular credit on London's present inhabitants. It arises from London's history. For after Rome no city in the world has sent out shoots into so many other lands as London—the ancient trading port which the Roman invaders of this island founded on a gravel rise beside the old Celtic ford of the

Thames: Lyn Dyn, as is supposed, the "hill by the pool." Here came, even before England had become a State, those "far-coming men" with the merchandise of Europe and the distant East who gave London even at that early date its distinguishing international character. The very names of many of its ancient thoroughfares and houses testify to this universal, unifying quality in its history: Eastcheap and Dowgate, Lombard Street and Old Jewry, Moorfields and, just outside its civic walls, the Savoy. And since the sixteenth century when London, like England, turned from commercing only with Europe to commercing with a far wider world, the affiliations of London with all mankind have become still more obvious. "There is no place in the town," wrote Addison when this process of trading with the ends of the earth was still comparatively new, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."

It is this quality that Mr. Fairbanks, a twentieth-century citizen of the world if any man has the right to call himself such, recognises and acclaims in our London. And, what should be most moving to an Englishman, he recognises and acclaims it as a patriotic American citizen. "In proposing

the Civic Toast," he declared in his speech, "I am proposing something to which I and my countrymen can, however obscurely, identify ourselves and lay possessive claim. . . . An American's claim to toast this city is above and beyond the purely national, and as valid as any man's, born with concern for the common weal and bred in the common law." The State of Virginia, he reminded his auditors, was settled by London authority; the present United States representative on the United Nations' Security Council is a descendant of the man who took the lead in founding the Company of Merchant Adventurers by advising "certain grave citizens of London" to embark on "the search and discoverie of the northern parts of the world by sea to open a way and passage to Cathay by the North-East." Even a Russian Communist, bred behind the Iron Curtain, Mr. Fairbanks might have added, can find something to recognise and claim as his own in London, for it was here that Karl Marx found refuge when all the rest of the world, including Russia and his native Germany, denied it him, and it was here that he wrote his revolutionary "Das Kapital," the Koran of the Communist world.

If only modern Englishmen were a little more aware of their own history and of its links with the world, their approach to mankind's problems—

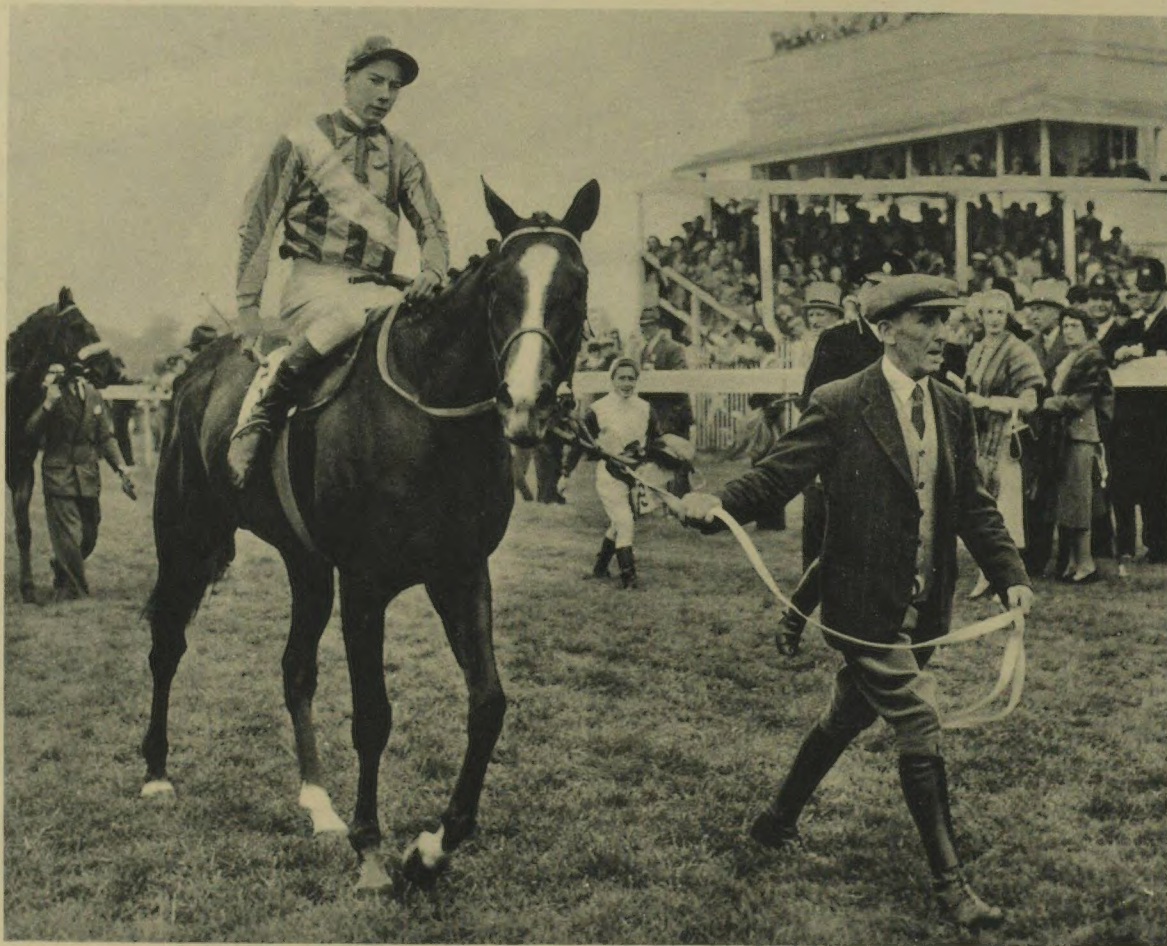
so full of good will yet so frequently insular and ill-informed—might be far more constructive and valuable than it is. Most of all, one wishes that the people of this country could become more conscious of their historic and spiritual links with the United States and its multi-racial people. It is not that the latter resemble the people of Britain; in many ways, they differ from them profoundly. Yet in moral essentials; in the beliefs and values that really matter, they and we are one, for our ideals and values stem from the same root. It was an American, Emerson, who wrote of England a hundred years ago that, if the ocean out of which it emerged should wash it away, it would still be remembered as "an island famous for immortal laws, for the announcements of original right which make the stone tables of liberty." He might have added that it was an American, Thomas Jefferson, who, born a British subject and of English ancestry, wrote the noblest and most English of all those announcements of original right while the American colonies were struggling against an England that through obstinacy and blindness was denying them the

full spiritual and political heritage of England. For those who inherit the traditions of England and of the British kingdoms and those who inherit the traditions of the United States are joint-heirs in an ideal which neither can neglect without peril. Lord North and Senator McCarthy may seem strange bedfellows, yet both—out, no doubt, of the highest intentions—forgot something essential:

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

Shakespeare and Milton belong, politically, racially and culturally, as much to the history of the United States as to the history of England. So do that tongue, that faith and those morals, and, we should add, those political conceptions and institutions by which freedom is preserved. The time has come to end the recurrent schism between the peoples of the two libertarian nations that, one from its tiny island home, the other from its vast continent, guard together for human freedom the shores of the North Atlantic. If the world is to be saved from the dark, tyrannical forces that to-day threaten it, America and Britain must stand together as steadily in peace as they did in war. It is the service of such a man as Douglas Fairbanks that it makes the possibility of our doing so, and so confounding our common enemies, a little easier.

THE 33-1 AMERICAN-OWNED AND BRED DERBY WINNER.



WITH YOUNG LESTER PIGGOTT UP: NEVER SAY DIE (NARBULLAH-SINGING GRASS), OWNED BY MR. R. S. CLARK, WHO WAS NOT PRESENT TO SEE HIM WIN, BEING LED IN AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE 1954 DERBY.

Mr. Robert Sterling Clark, the seventy-eight-year-old American retired financier who owns this year's Derby winner, the American-bred *Never Say Die*, was not present to see his horse win the great race; nor was the animal led in by any member of Mr. Clark's family, but by A. Vaus, the "lad" who "does" him. *Never Say Die* is a dark chestnut, 15 hands 3½ ins. in height, and a very handsome colt. His dam, *Singing Grass*, was bred in America and is by *War Admiral* out of *Boreale*. Lester Piggott, the eighteen-year-old apprentice who rode him to victory, comes of a family very well known on the turf. His father, Keith Piggott, was a great steeplechase rider, and his grandfather, Ernest Piggott, won the Grand National on *Jerry M.* in 1912 and on *Poethlyn* in 1918 and 1919; while his mother was born a Rickaby. Mr. Clark is reported to have said that the success of *Never Say Die*, which started at 33 to 1, had "completely flabbergasted" him. "It is the crowning glory of my career of thirty-five years as a breeder," he also stated, "but I never expected it." A photograph of the finish of the race appears on pages 1002-1003.

SIDELIGHTS ON DIEN BIEN PHU, AND TOPICAL ITEMS FROM EUROPE, ASIA AND THE UNITED STATES.



(LEFT.) SERGEANT-MAJOR JULES BERES, WITH THE FLAG OF HIS COMPANY, WHICH HE RECOVERED FROM THE VIET MINH AT DIEN BIEN PHU, AND SMUGGLED TO HANOI.

We show here two sidelights of the Dien Bien Phu siege: on the right, men of one of the diversionary columns which moved northwards through Laos; and, left, a hero of the siege. The flag of the 4th Company of the 1st Bn. of Parachutists had been captured by the Communists. During a Viet Minh festival, Sergeant-Major Beres crept into their camp and recovered the flag. Later he wound it round his body and was evacuated as a casualty to Hanoi.

(RIGHT.) A SIDELIGHT OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU SIEGE: MEMBERS OF A DIVERSIONARY COLUMN, "OPERATION CONDOR," IN THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLES OF LAOS.



THE QUEEN'S HORSE *AUREOLE* (E. SMITH UP) BEING LED IN AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE CORONATION CUP AT EPSOM. HE WON BY FIVE LENGTHS FROM *CHATSWORTH*.

On June 3, on the third day at Epsom, her Majesty's horse *Aureole*, which started second favourite at 5 to 2, won by five lengths from *Chatsworth*. Since the Coronation Cup was first run in 1902, this is the first success of the Royal colours in this race. The result was very popular and *Aureole* was given an ovation as he passed the winning-post, and again when he was led into the unsaddling enclosure. The Queen was not present. *Aureole* is considered a much-improved horse this year.



THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA (CENTRE) AT A U.N. DINNER IN NEW YORK, WITH (LEFT) MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD AND (RIGHT) THE EMPEROR'S SON. The Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia arrived in New York on May 25 for a brief visit, and on May 26 visited President Eisenhower in Washington. On June 1 it was announced from Buckingham Palace that the Emperor and the Empress have accepted an invitation from the Queen to come to Great Britain for a State visit in October this year.



CANNON-SHELL HOLES VISIBLE IN THE FUSELAGE OF A BELGIAN FREIGHT AIRCRAFT, WHICH WAS SHELLED BY A JET FIGHTER, WHEN TRAVELLING BETWEEN BRITAIN AND BELGRADE.

On June 3 a *Dakota* belonging to the Belgian Sabena Airways and carrying pedigree pigs from the United Kingdom to Belgrade, was fired on by what is believed to have been a Soviet *MIG* fighter. The incident took place near the junction of Yugoslavia, Austria and Hungary. The wireless operator was killed and the pilot and mechanic seriously injured. The British co-pilot was uninjured and took over the controls.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN (RIGHT, CENTRE, WEARING A WHITE FLOWER) ATTENDING A CHARITY BAZAAR HELD BY THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION OF A JAPANESE GIRLS' SCHOOL. ON THE EMPRESS'S RIGHT HAND ARE TWO PRINCESSES.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A LONDON WEDDING, THEATRICAL AND OTHER EVENTS.



(LEFT.) PRINCESS MARGARET AT ST. HILDA'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS RECEIVING A PURSE FROM MISS CHRISTINE BURROWS, ONE OF THE FIRST STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE.

Princess Margaret visited Oxford on June 3 and attended luncheon at St. Hilda's College, where she unveiled a plaque marking her visit and an extension to the College. In the afternoon she watched a masque written and performed by undergraduates. Afterwards the Princess went to the garden at the front of the old hall and received purses presented in aid of the Building and Endowment Fund. The first purse was handed to her by eighty-two-year-old Miss Christine Burrows, one of the College's first seven students.



(ABOVE.) DRIVING IN STATE THROUGH THE STREETS OF ATHENS: PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA WITH KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES ON JUNE 2.

On June 2 President Tito of Yugoslavia arrived in Athens on a five-day State visit, at the invitation of the King of the Hellenes and the Greek Government. The President arrived on board the Yugoslav warship *Galeb* and was greeted by King Paul. Later they drove in State to the Royal Palace in Athens, where President Tito was received by Queen Frederika. The pavements along the route were thronged with cheering students and schoolchildren.



(LEFT.) THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN VISCOUNT ALTHORP AND THE HON. FRANCES ROCHE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AND THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS DURING THE RECEPTION IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family, was present at the marriage in Westminster Abbey on June 1 of Captain Viscount Althorp, The Royal Scots Greys, only son of Earl and Countess Spencer, and the Hon. Frances Roche, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy. Our photograph, taken during the reception, which was held at St. James's Palace, shows the bride and bridegroom and their parents and bridal attendants and their Royal guests. Seated in the front row (l. to r.) are the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Margaret, H.M. the Queen, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and the Princess Royal. Standing in the back row are the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Kent.



ARRIVING AT THE SCALA THEATRE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO SAW THE SECOND NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE OF "THE FROG."

The Queen and other members of the Royal family attended a performance of Edgar Wallace's thriller, "The Frog," on June 3. The play was put on by a group of amateur Mayfair actors on behalf of charity.



AT THE R.A.D.A. JUBILEE MATINÉE: VIVIEN LEIGH CURTSEYING TO THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO GRACIOUSLY ATTENDED THE ALL-STAR PERFORMANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended an all-star matinée performance at Her Majesty's Theatre on May 31. It celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Dame Sybil Thorndike's first appearance on the stage, and the founding of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art by Beerbohm Tree, together with the centenary of the birth of Tree himself. Our photograph shows Vivien Leigh curtseying to the Queen Mother; next to her are her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier and Dame Sybil Thorndike.



ARRIVING TO SEE "THE FROG": QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, THE PLAY'S ASSOCIATE PRODUCER.

The Queen, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret saw a performance of "The Frog" at the Scala Theatre on June 3. Princess Margaret acted as associate producer of the play.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM BALMORAL CASTLE, ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS IN ENGLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND.



(ABOVE.)

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM BALMORAL: HER MAJESTY AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH A PET CORGI. SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC, THE AIRPORT COMMANDANT, IS SEEN (RIGHT).

The Queen arrived in London on May 31 from Balmoral in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight, and brought a pet Corgi with her. When the engines stopped, a strip of red rubber 4 ft. wide was rolled up to the aircraft steps and her Majesty walked along it. This "red carpet" will be used on all Royal occasions in future to eliminate danger of slipping in an oil-patch.

(RIGHT.)

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BELFAST: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (CENTRE) AND (L. TO R.) THE GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND, LORD WAKEHURST, LADY BROOKEBOROUGH, LADY WAKEHURST AND LORD BROOKEBOROUGH.

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her debutante daughter, Princess Alexandra of Kent, left London Airport on May 27 in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight for a four-day visit to Northern Ireland. During their stay the Duchess's official engagements included the opening of new premises for the Royal College of Nursing at College Gardens, Belfast, the opening of a new extension to the Methodist College, Belfast, and a visit to the Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Show. Princess Alexandra, who is now beginning to undertake a share in the official duties of the Royal family, unveiled a plaque in the Abbeydene Old People's Home after H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent had officially opened the institution.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN LEAVE SCOTLAND: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE AT DALLATER STATION BEFORE TRAVELLING TO LONDON ON JUNE 1 BY NIGHT TRAIN.



OPERATING THE PILE-DRIVER TO DRIVE IN THE FINAL KEY PILE OF A NEW DRY BERTH TO FORM THE LAST HORN OF THE CUTTY SARK: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On June 3 the Duke of Edinburgh drove in the final key pile of a new dry berth at Greenwich to form the last home of the *Cutty Sark*. He then laid a commemoration stone, and accepted the trowel and mallet of *Cutty Sark* timbers. At a lunch in the Painted Hall held by the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society his Royal Highness accepted a painting of the ship.



TALKING TO MEMBERS OF THE DOMESTIC CLASS AT THE METHODIST COLLEGE, BELFAST: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO ON MAY 31 OPENED AN EXTENSION TO THE COLLEGE. SHE LATER ATTENDED A LUNCH AT THE CITY HALL GIVEN BY THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF BELFAST.



UNVEILING THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE AT THE OLD PEOPLE'S HOME AT ABBEYDENE AFTER HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, HAD OFFICIALLY OPENED THE INSTITUTION: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS. THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES RETURNED TO LONDON BY AIR ON MAY 31.

I REMARKED here some months ago that it was no easy matter to fix a date for the centenary of the Crimean War. If we decide that the peninsula gives its name to the whole war and that name applies to it even before the Crimea had become an objective, then the most suitable date is November 4, 1853, when the Sultan declared war on Russia. Yet hostile actions had previously occurred in Europe, and on October 28 the Turks had captured a Russian fort north of Batum, which then lay some twenty miles within their frontier. Other small-scale operations took place in Caucasia that year, the Turks being beaten in the vicinity of Ardahan and Kars. However, for Britons 1854 is, and always has been, the year of the Crimea. And it is convenient to consider it also as the year of the war in Caucasia, because it was then, though about three months earlier, that fighting there became serious. June 1954 is a suitable time at which to write of the Caucasian War between Russia and Turkey, whether or not we call it the Crimean War.

The subject is not well known, yet both its political and its military background are of interest. Turkey saw a fine opportunity for far-reaching conquests in the Caucasian area when Franco-British armies arrived in the Black Sea and Franco-British navies dominated its waters. The Porte based its hopes on the British in particular. But the British turned a deaf ear. The choice of the objective of Sevastopol has been criticised, but the fact remains that it was a port which could be taken by a combination of land and sea power, without sending the land forces off into the wide spaces of Russia. Its capture would also mean the end of Russian naval power in the Black Sea. There was something to be said for supporting the Turks in Asia Minor, but this would involve a heavy drain on sea transport. By 1856 the Turkish situation was so bad that British troops on a considerable scale would have been needed to restore the balance. Moreover, decisive victory in the Crimea might be expected to bring terms which would restore Turkish fortunes in Asia Minor. The strategic appreciation was correct, and since the British administrative work was so bad to begin with, it was fortunate that we did not take on other responsibilities.

On the military side, the Turkish Army was suffering from growing pains. A real effort had been made to modernise it. Among the expert consultants called in from more advanced countries was the future Field Marshal von Moltke. Unfortunately, the foreign advisers included some soldiers of fortune whose ability and honesty were alike indifferent. What was effected before the beginning of hostilities was, first of all, a measure of rearmament, and, secondly, some rather elementary, though useful, unit training. The troops, the better battalions at all events, could now shoot with some effect. This was something, but it left the Turks a long way short of the standard of the Russian troops they would have to meet. They could manoeuvre, even if not very rapidly, whereas the Turks were unable to do so. Again, the Turkish Army had far less idea of sanitation than the British in the Crimea, which was saying a good deal. Summer and winter were equally disastrous. It was a question whether you died of diseases of heat and dirt, or diseases of cold and dirt.

The best chance of success of the Turks lay in their superiority of numbers, which, theoretically, enabled them to attack their foes in front and both flanks simultaneously. In practice, the troops were not, as a rule, sufficiently quick or well-trained, and the command was for the most part very bad. Occasionally a good foreign staff officer achieved something, but it was uphill work. By far the best-known Turkish commander in Caucasia was Omer Pasha, who had previously commanded the Turkish force in the Crimea. He did not appear in Asia Minor until 1855, and, in any case, his reputation was unduly inflated. Certainly none of the Turkish commanders can be compared with the Russian Count Muraviev, who finally obtained the capitulation of Kars after having failed to take it by storm. The best leadership of all was perhaps that of the Georgian Prince Bebutov in the Battle of Kurudere, on August 4, 1854, when, from a central position, he routed the Turks in a fierce

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CAUCASIAN CENTENARY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and bloody fight, shifting troops as needed to face three ill-co-ordinated Turkish concentric attacks and defeating each of them in turn.

His Georgian nationality recalls another important feature of the campaigns. The subject peoples of the main contestants took sides on the basis of religion rather than on that of race. The Turks counted heavily on their irregulars, especially the Cherkesses. They and other peoples did turn out in large numbers. They had a high nuisance value, but the Turks too often used them in pitched battles against Russian regulars, whom they could neither break when attacking nor withstand when on the defensive. Mr. W. E. D. Allen points out in his "Caucasian Battlefields"—so far as I know the only complete record in English of a century of warfare in those parts—that this religious element favoured the Russians, because it secured for them unquestioning support from the Christian Georgians and Armenians. The former provided some good troops and half-a-dozen generals beside Bebutov, though not of his calibre. In the area north of Lake Van the Armenian population provided a useful intelligence service. Any hope of Georgian unrest nourished by the Turks proved false.

It would seem that the Turks in Caucasia were more or less at the mercy of Muraviev when the conclusion of peace saved them. Although the Russian

of life and death. They used a large proportion of local troops. However, their resources in manpower were, of course, vast, and after a time they were able to reinforce Caucasia considerably. Both sides were compelled to establish many garrisons, in part owing to the risk of revolt or of incursions by the irregulars of the other side. The Russian field armies were not large even by the end—when the main

striking force was approaching 30,000—and if those of the Turks looked much bigger on paper, they contained Cherkesses and bashi-bazooks, who were unreliable in battle and disappeared into the countryside after a reverse. It has been alleged that the capture of Kars had more than the value of prestige, because its return to Turkey helped the restoration of Sevastopol to Russia, but, in any case, Russia could not have been prevented from getting Sevastopol back.

Otherwise the Russian victory in the secondary theatre had little effect, as is commonly the case. The period of peace which followed did give the Russian Government an opportunity to put an end to dissidence in the Caucasus, and in some cases either to remove mountaineers to regions where they would be less dangerous or compel them to emigrate to Turkish territory. I believe that some of the Caucasian people now to be found in the Kingdom of Jordan, known by the old name of Circassians, arrived at this time. On the other hand, defeat in Caucasia would have had unpleasant effects, perhaps extending deep into Asia. In the Far East, Russia advanced to the Amur within a year of the Treaty of Paris and shortly afterwards established herself firmly on the Pacific. In Central Asia she was able to continue that policy of conquest, destruction of dynasties and annexation, which makes the former American view that she was never a colonial

nation appear so odd to Britons who know something of the subject. Within three years of the Treaty Russia was pledging non-interference if France attacked Austria in Italy, obviously in the hope that Austria, who had compelled her to leave the principalities, would take a beating at the hands of Napoleon III.

In view of the part played by British officers in this campaign, it is odd that not more notice has been taken of it in our country. I suppose the Crimean affair obscures it. English books dealing with it are not numerous, and such as there are may be hard to obtain. One and all, they are forgotten. And yet even our country, which produces some wonderful leaders hardly out of their 'teens', can have produced few more outstanding than Lieut. Teesdale, V.C., one of the heroes of the defence of Kars. I have often vowed that some day or other I would improve my slight knowledge of him and perhaps write about him, but the time never seems to be available. I hope General Fenwick

Williams, who made Kars a modern fortress, is remembered by the Royal Engineers; but a doubt assails me when I recall stopping in their mess to look at the portrait of Sir Charles Pasley, a more celebrated figure, and finding that the officer with me had never heard of him. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The Turks had the worse of most of the long series of Caucasian campaigns, both north of the main mountain chain which gives its name to the region, and south of it. But the Russians in their advance came up against a people who, normally worse armed and led than themselves, resisted strongly, and were always able and willing to take up the struggle anew.

Once their power extended far beyond the mountains, and less than two centuries ago reached as far as the Kerch Strait on the north side of the Black Sea. Having lost the passes of the Caucasus, they were thrown mainly on the defensive. By the nineteenth century the fight resolved itself into unceasing effort to keep the Russians out of their homeland of Anatolia. They had some of the burden taken off their shoulders because it was from time to time to the interest of others, including ourselves, that they should hold out. Yet their resistance was stern and determined. Up to the present, Russia has not achieved the aim of Tsar and Commissar, control of the Dardanelles. The significance of Caucasia remains. It is still the borderland which it has been through so much of recorded history.



"C'EST MAGNIQUE, MAIS CE N'EST PAS LA GUERRE": THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA, SHOWING THE MOMENT OF "FEARFUL MELEE [WHEN] THE GUNNERS WERE CUT DOWN AT THEIR GUNS—THE OPPOSING LINES 'BROKEN, BEATEN, DRIVEN ALL ADRIFT.'" FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 23, 1854.

In his article on this page Captain Falls has chosen this month as the most appropriate date for recalling the centenary of the Crimean and Caucasian War; but such is the power of the word—Tennyson's magnificent "Charge of the Light Brigade" and General Bosquet's telling *mot*, quoted above—that to all Englishmen the central moment of that war is Oct. 25, 1854, the date of the glorious though mishandled Battle of Balaklava, an action which was unfavourable to the Allies but which from the splendour of its heroism has gained through the years the glamour of a victory. In this famous charge the Light Brigade was commanded by Lord Cardigan and comprised the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th and 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers. During the Crimean War *The Illustrated London News* had a number of war artists covering the campaign, notably Constantin Guys, William Simpson and Sir Oswald Brierly. The drawing reproduced was a reconstruction of the scene by Sir John Gilbert.

successes in that theatre of the war were useful at the conference table, they did not, it need hardly be said, balance the heavy defeat in the main theatre, the Crimea. Broadly speaking, whenever Russia and Turkey have fought each other anywhere—and they have been at war with one another more often than it is easy to remember—they have fought in Caucasia. Caucasia has nearly always represented the secondary theatre, in which the results have hung upon those west of the Black Sea. But the Crimean War was otherwise an exception to the usual state of affairs. In this case the Turks had such powerful western aid that they could afford to concentrate great strength in Caucasia after the Russians had evacuated the Rumanian principalities. They did start with greatly superior strength, so that the Russians had to begin on the defensive, but they lacked the administrative ability to seize the chance of a century.

The Russians were in a very different situation. They had to treat Caucasia as the subsidiary campaign is normally treated when the main one is a matter

The War Office announces that the photographs which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of February 13, 1954, illustrating the article, "Royal Engineers in Sarawak," by Captain P. F. C. Feilmann, were taken by the Anna Photo Company of Kuching, Sarawak.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



STARTING ON A "SAVE OUR CHURCHES" WEEK RUN: G. PIRIE, C. W. BRASHER, C. CHATAWAY AND ROGER BANNISTER (L. TO R.).

Part of the programme of "Save Our Churches" Week arranged by the Historic Churches Trust consisted of runs by teams of well-known athletes bearing cheques from Downing Street to London churches. Sir Winston Churchill started the first relay, which consisted of Gordon Pirie, C. W. Brasher, C. Chataway and Roger Bannister, first man to run a mile in under 4 mins.



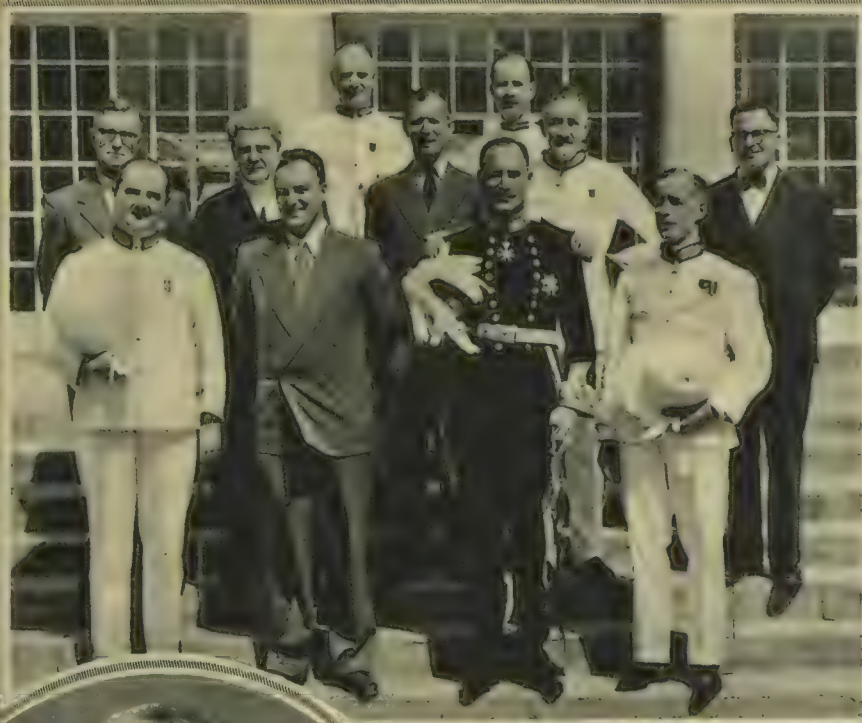
HIS WORLD TOUR POSTPONED: MR. YOSHIDA, JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER.

The Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, who was to have paid a good-will visit to Britain at the end of June during a world tour, has now postponed indefinitely his departure from Japan. The postponement is due to the political and economic situation in the Japanese Diet requiring the Prime Minister's presence in Tokyo.



APPOINTED SUPREME COMMANDER IN INDO-CHINA: GENERAL PAUL ELY.

General Paul Ely, Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces, has been appointed Supreme Commander in Indo-China. He will replace both General Navarre, C-in-C, French Expeditionary Force, and M. Dejean, High Commissioner at Saigon. General Ely was previously the French representative on the Standing Group of N.A.T.O. in Washington.



ON THE STEPS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LUSAKA, AFTER BEING SWORN-IN: SIR ARTHUR BENSON, NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN RHODESIA.

Sir Arthur Benson, formerly Chief Secretary, Nigeria, who was appointed Governor of Northern Rhodesia last February, in succession to Sir Gilbert Rennie, is seen above on the steps of Government House, Lusaka, with the Executive Council, after having been sworn-in as Governor. Sir Arthur, who is forty-six, was educated at Wolverhampton School and Exeter College, Oxford, and entered the Colonial Administrative Service in 1932.



STUDIED MARS FROM A BALLOON 22,500 FT. UP: M. CHARLES DOLFUSS (LEFT) AND HIS SON, M. AUDOIN DOLFUSS.

In Paris on May 29 M. Charles Dolfuss, Director of the Musée de l'Air, Paris, and his son, an astronomer at the Meudon Observatory, spent over half an hour studying the planet Mars through a specially built 11-in. telescope from a balloon 22,500 ft. up and above the vaporous layer of the earth's atmosphere.



WITH HIS CABINET COLLEAGUES IN DUBLIN: MR. JOHN COSTELLO (SEATED, CENTRE), NEW PRIME MINISTER OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

Mr. John Costello was elected Prime Minister of the Irish Republic when the fiftieth Dail met in Dublin on June 2, after the General Election. Our picture shows (left to right; front) General S. MacEoin, Minister for Defence; Mr. B. Corish, Minister for Social Welfare; Mr. W. Norton, Deputy Prime Minister; Mr. Costello; General R. Mulcahy, Minister for Education; Mr. J. Blowick, Minister for Land; Mr. M. Keyes, Minister for Posts and Telegraphs; Mr. J. Dillon, Minister for Agriculture; (l. to r.; back) Mr. G. Sweetman, Minister for Finance; Mr. L. Cosgrave, Minister for External Affairs; Mr. T. O'Higgins, Minister for Health; and Mr. P. O'Donnell, Minister for Local Government.



WITH HIS TRAINER FEELING HIS HEART: E. ZATPEK, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WHO BROKE TWO WORLD RECORDS IN THREE DAYS.

E. Zatopek, triple Olympic champion runner of 1952, broke the world record for 5000 metres on May 30 at Colombes Stadium, Paris, when he covered the distance in 13 min. 57.2 sec. On June 1 in Brussels, he bettered his own world figures for 10,000 metres (6 miles, 376 yards) with 28 min. 54.2 sec.



TO STUDY IN ENGLAND: DR. ALLAN VICKERS (RIGHT), ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S BEST-KNOWN "FLYING DOCTORS."

Dr. Allan Vickers, Senior Medical Officer of the "Flying Doctor" Service of Australia, is now in England with a Nuffield Foundation grant to undertake post-graduate study and to stimulate the extension of "Flying Doctor" services in other Commonwealth countries. He is seen with his wife, above, showing his equipment to Sir Thomas White, Australian High Commissioner in London.



DENIED A PUBLIC INQUIRY: ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY NORTH.

In the Commons on June 2, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Thomas, was asked whether, in view of statements in the official Naval History of the War and recent publicity, he would now grant the demand for a court martial or public inquiry made in 1940 by Admiral North, who was relieved of his post as Admiral Commanding North Atlantic. The request was refused.



AFTER BEGINNING HER NOVITIATE: SŒUR MARIE-RACHEL (CENTRE), ONE OF THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, WITH HER FOUR SISTERS.

Sœur Marie-Rachel—formerly Mlle. Marie Dionne, one of the Dionne quintuplets—is seen above after taking her vows and receiving her nun's habit as a novice of the Order of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament. At the visitors' grill of the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, Quebec, are her sisters (l. to r.), Emilie, Annette, Yvonne and Cecile.

THE WILD FLOWER LOVER'S BEDSIDE BOOK.

"WILD FLOWERS. BOTANISING IN BRITAIN"; By JOHN GILMOUR and MAX WALTERS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE are several plant books in the delightful and rapidly expanding "New Naturalist" Series. Some are general surveys, some deal with plants of a certain kind of region, or a certain group of plants, like the wild orchids of Britain. There is a book on Mushrooms

any British flower. The author, a scientific botanist, merely wished to help the unscientific lover of wild flowers to know what he had found. He produced a scheme rather on the basis of the old "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral" scheme. You were carried from page to page. "Flower white" led to page 5; "Flower not white" to page 9. When you got to the next port of call you found "Leaves opposite page 41," "Leaves not opposite page 52"; and, after a very few exciting turnings of pages, you ran your fox, or possibly foxglove, to ground.

I wish I had had that book when I was a small boy in Devonshire looking for birds, birds' eggs,

had had Mr. Brimble's less anatomical and more romantic "The Floral Year"; and I wish I had had this book, at once so exciting, so permeated by the awareness that the world is "full of a number of things" and, at the same time, so serenely conscious of the fact that, urged

by the authors of this impulsive work, any one of us, old or young, may go off for a holiday and find something which will not merely delight ourselves but make a contribution to knowledge, finding, perhaps, a species "new" to Britain, or even to science.

There are records here of discoveries in our time. There is even a record of a new species forming itself in our time by a cross, spreading, being recognised as valuable, and being used. In whatever part of Britain a reader of this book may live, he will find something which will encourage him to go out on the search—there are chapters on Woodlands and Hedgerows, Moors, Heaths and Commons, Chalk Downs and Limestone Uplands, Mountains, Bogs, Fens and Marshes, Rivers, Lakes and Ponds, the Sea Coast, Fields and Roadsides, Arable Land, Waste Ground and Walls. Wherever we may live we must have some of these things near us: "*tamen usque recurret*," even the bombed sites have produced a wealth of flora. Even if we are too lazy, or too unenterprising, to assist the scientists in their survey, there is always entertainment to be found in the growth of things. Last December, for instance, in my secluded corner, I got a dish of ripe strawberries from my garden, strawberries as large as walnuts. The turn of the year came; there was a sudden violent frost; then there came a drought; in the last few days there has been a heat-wave; and things have overlapped in the most preposterous way. Some things, like the primroses, have hung on far later than they reasonably should; and all the gorgeous blossoms of a normal May have appeared weeks later than they should. These things are evident enough; but the careful observer will have found that there have been similar delays with far more humble plants.

This book is full of amusing detail. There is a chapter—most of the contents of which are new to me—as to "How Our Flora Was Discovered": a chapter which should elate a young botanist (for there are still things to be found) as Hillary may have been elated by a book about the early mountaineers, in the Alps and elsewhere. The first man mentioned is William Turner, a student at Cambridge in the 1520's who played tennis with Latimer and Ridley, and afterwards became Dean of Wells and "Father of British Botany." He described 300 native species of plants, out of the 2000 odd species now recognised. The next man was a Fleming, Mathias de l'Obel, who published eighty plants unknown to Turner: the lobelia is named after him. Then came Gerard; then Johnson; then Parkinson; then the great Ray. This is really a remarkable chapter; and, though it is short, much research must have gone to its composition.

The photographs, both plain and coloured, are beautiful. But I think that more of the coloured plates should have been devoted to flowers which are not universally familiar. Pretty though they may be, the young flower-hunter will learn nothing from pictures of bluebells, violets, broom,

gorse, heather, meadowsweet, daffodils, toadflax or buttercups.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1018 of this issue.

DR. MAX WALTERS, JOINT-AUTHOR WITH MR. JOHN GILMOUR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Max Walters, who was born in 1920, has been Curator of the Herbarium in the Department of Botany at Cambridge since 1948. He is a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he held a Research Fellowship; and is a leading research worker in the experimental taxonomy of the British flora.

MR. JOHN GILMOUR, JOINT-AUTHOR WITH DR. WALTERS OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. John Gilmour, who was born in 1906, is Director of the University Botanic Garden and Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. He was President of the Botanical Society of the British Isles from 1947-51. He is the author of "British Botanists" and "Wild Flowers of the Chalk."

and Toadstools and another, with the striking title, "Mumps, Measles and Mosaics," which is engaged with plant and animal viruses. The present volume is of a different sort: it is meant "to introduce British wild flowers to those who, though keen and interested, may feel in need of help and guidance," and "it is designed, not as a reference book for the field or the study, but as a volume for leisurely and intermittent reading in an armchair, a bed, or a train." Or even, it might be added, in fine weather, in a field, in a wood or on the top of a cliff. It is agreeable reading; it should entertain all except the dullest of academic classifiers, if any such there be; and one of its main objects is to rouse enthusiasm, to encourage amateurs old and young by telling them of the treasures they may find if they go about with their eyes open, in this or that district, at this or that time of the year.

The book doesn't attempt to be a complete catalogue, or to cover all the ground; many common plants have been omitted. Nor is it intended to enable students to pass examinations. It is meant to send people into the field, and to assist them there. As Dr. Walters (each author initials the chapters he has written, subject to revision in collaboration with the other) says: "Books, lectures and illustrations help, but they only supplement and bind together the things one learns at first hand. An intriguing fact is that one does not recognise, say, a buttercup by noting the floral characters of 'five nectary-bearing petals and an ovary consisting of numerous free carpels'; nor does the expert consciously 'identify' the plants he knows in the field, although, if taxed, he may well be able to produce the technical characters to prove his identification correct. This is obvious enough, in the 'identifications' we make of Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones—indeed, although we could recognise Mr. Smith at fifty yards, we would often be quite unable to describe him accurately to a stranger!"

There are books whose authors do attempt in short compass to catalogue our flora in an anatomically descriptive way: notable recent examples are Mr. L. J. R. Brimble's volumes on British Flowers and Trees. There are books which assist the amateur to "give it a name"—in other words, to identify it. These, after all, are extremely useful in human intercourse. If Wordsworth, for lack of knowledge, had been obliged to write:

A whatnot by a river's brim
A simple whatnot was to him,
And it was nothing more

or on another occasion to observe that his heart had danced with the whatnots, our experience of his poetry would have been less intense. Of all the easily portable books for ready identification which ever I came across was one by a Frenchman, G. Bonnier, published here about 1917. It was called "Name This Flower." It bothered little about Liliaceæ, Rosaceæ, Ranunculaceæ (I hope I have spelt all these mouthfuls properly) and it took little notice of Linnæus or his gravely disputatious successors. But it did—and I am sorry the Germans bombed my copy—give one an easy path to the name of



ONE OF THE THREE SPECIES OF SUNDEW IN BRITAIN WHICH, ALTHOUGH IT DOES OCCUR IN ENGLAND, AS ITS NAME SUGGESTS, IS ACTUALLY MUCH COMMONER IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND: THE SUNDEW (*DROSERA ANGLICA*), WITH MARSH ST. JOHN'S-WORT (*HYPERICUM ELODES*).

Photographed in the New Forest in July by M. C. F. Proctor.



CERTAINLY INDIGENOUS IN MANY ENGLISH WOODS: STINKING HELLEBORE (*HELLEBORUS FOETIDUS*).

Photographed by R. H. Hall at Hartington Dale, Derbyshire, in April.

Illustrations from the book "Wild Flowers"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Collins.

* "Wild Flowers: Botanising in Britain."

By John Gilmour, M.A., Director of the University Botanic Garden and Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge; and Max Walters, M.A., Ph.D., Curator of the University Herbarium, Cambridge. New Naturalist Series. 45 Colour Photographs, 27 Photographs in Black and White, and 3 Line Drawings. (Collins; 25s.)

butterflies, moths and beetles: and, alas, "obtaining" them (as the Victorian word was, sometimes, used for the last of its kind in Britain, shot by an enthusiastic parson). Every hedgerow would have talked to me even more eloquently than it talks now. I wish I



A VIEW OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE TUCK-SHOP DOOR. BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, WEAR BLACK COATS, WING-COLLARS AND STRAW HATS.



LEAVING MEISTER OMERS, A SCHOOL BOARDING-HOUSE, THROUGH CLOISTERS AND ANCIENT RUINS, FOR SUNDAY MATINS AT THE CATHEDRAL: SCHOLARS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL.



MASTERS AND BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, MAKING THEIR WAY PAST THE WAR MEMORIAL CROSS, FROM CLASS TO CLASS, DURING "BREAK."

The King's School, Canterbury, claims to be England's oldest public school, although King's School, Rochester, and St. Peter's School, York, have good reason to challenge this claim. On other pages in this issue we show pictures of some of the historic buildings which comprise The King's School and which lie in the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral. The Great Choir of the Cathedral is the Chapel of the School, and King's Scholars have gone in procession in traditional dress



IN THE FAMOUS DARK ENTRY, ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL: SCHOLARS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, WHO WEAR TRADITIONAL DRESS FOR ATTENDANCE AT MATINS.

to and from the Cathedral for over 400 years. The Scholars are part of the Cathedral Foundation, as much as any canon or dean; they are admitted into their office by the Dean, and on the enthroning of any new Archbishop they must make to him an oath of obedience. There are always about seventy-five scholars in residence receiving annual grants of £25 to £200. They form the nucleus of the School and are privileged members of the Community.



AN ATHLETICS MEETING AT THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY. NO FETISH IS MADE OF GAMES, AND NO ONE IS PLACED IF HE IS BAD AT THEM...



SCHOOL MONITORS AT LUNCH BENEATH PORTRAITS OF THE PRESENT HEADMASTER, THE REV. CANON F. J. SHIRLEY, AND SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AN OLD BOY OF KING'S.



(ABOVE.) THE SCHOOL'S MODERN BUILDING: PARRY HALL, IN MINT YARD, THE "BAY" WING OF WHICH WAS ERECTED IN 1935.



"BREAK" IN GREEN COURT. THE KING'S SCHOOL IS SAID TO DATE FROM 598 A.D., WHEN ST. AUGUSTINE FOUNDED THE CATHEDRAL AT CANTERBURY.



IN THE LABORATORY OF THE KING'S SCHOOL: SENIOR BOYS WATCHING A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT BEING CARRIED OUT BY MR. K. H. YATES, CHEMISTRY MASTER.



FOR 400 YEARS SCHOLARS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL HAVE CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



WENT IN PROCESSION EACH SUNDAY TO AND FROM THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.



THE READING-ROOM IN MEISTER GHERS, A BOARDING-HOUSE AT THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL: THE ARCHWAY ONCE SURMOUNTED THE HUGE KITCHEN RANGE.



THE NORMAN STAIRCASE, WITH A SCHOLAR IN GOWN IN THE FOREGROUND. THE STAIRS LEAD TO THE STRANGERS' HALL OF THE OLD MONASTERY, NOW THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

GENERALLY considered to be the oldest of English Public Schools, The King's School, Canterbury, dates from 598 A.D., when St. Augustine founded the Cathedral of Canterbury. It is called The King's School because, in the year 1541, it was refounded by Henry VIII., and new statutes were adopted by which the school was to consist of "fifty boys, poor and destitute of the help of their friends, to be maintained out of the possessions of the church, of native genius as far as may be and apt to learn." In 1946 King George VI. visited the school and personally presented a Royal Charter as a tribute to the school's great contributions to the country and Empire. Among the famous men educated there are St. John of Beverley; Christopher Marlowe,

(Continued opposite.)



WITH PANELLED WALLS HUNG WITH PAINTINGS OF THE DINING-HALL, WITH GRACE BEING SAID.

Continued.
the Elizabethan dramatist; Walter Pater, the essayist; Somerset Maugham, the author; and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. The principal buildings form three quadrangles, known as the Mint Yard, Palace Court and Green Court, stretching over most of the twenty acres of the Cathedral's precincts. The present Headmaster is the Rev. F. J. Shirley, and there are about 540 boys. They are attired in the traditional black coat, wing-collar and trousers, and straw hats, while King's Scholars wear gowns. One of the historic buildings of the school is the Norman staircase, built by Prior Wibert between 1151 and 1167 while Theobald was Archbishop. It was by this staircase that the poorer pilgrims ascended to their lodgings in Strangers' Hall, now the Library.



STROLLING THROUGH THE MEMORIAL COURT DURING "BREAK": BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE LIBRARY AND LIBRARY UNDERCROFT.

PROBABLY THE OLDEST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ENGLAND: THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY,

WHOSE ORIGIN HAS BEEN TRACED TO THE TIMES OF ETHELBERT AND AUGUSTINE.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST PUBLIC SCHOOL : THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY.



STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY DURING A "FREE" PERIOD: BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY. UP TO 1936 THIS ROOM WAS THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL.



THE PRIORY CLASSROOMS SEEN ACROSS GREEN COURT. THE BUILDINGS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, BELONG TO MANY PERIODS OF ARCHITECTURE.



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH DORMITORY IN MEISTER OMERS' BOARDING-HOUSE. OVER THE FIREPLACE IS A FRESCO OF THE QUEEN'S ARMS DATED 1583.

The Scholars and boys of The King's School, Canterbury, probably the oldest of England's public schools, live and work in buildings of great antiquity. Many of these buildings bear intriguing names, such as Mint Yard, Hogs Hall, Dark Entry (celebrated in the "Ingoldsby Legends") and Queen Elizabeth Dormitory. The latter was the great sleeping-chamber of Meister Omers, believed to be a monastic bailiff of about 1220—Master Omer or Homer—who had his office in the



WAITING FOR THE SCHOOL SHOP TO OPEN: TWO BOYS OF THE KING'S SCHOOL. THE SHOP IS SAID TO DATE FROM 1493.

School. The School Shop, or tuck-shop, with its quaint, crooked door, is something more than an old curiosity and dates from 1493. The windows of the Library, formerly the School Assembly Hall, to which David Copperfield is supposed to have been brought on his first day at school, contain coats-of-arms of distinguished old boys of King's. Parry Hall, a more modern building, is the School Assembly Hall, where the boys meet every morning for prayers.

THE SERVICES ENTERTAIN THE PUBLIC: SCENES AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARLS COURT.



(ABOVE.) DEMONSTRATING THE TRAINING WHICH IS CARRIED OUT DAILY AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT NETHERAVON: ROYAL AIR FORCE POLICE DOGS ON PARADE AT EARLS COURT.

THIS year H.M. the Queen was unable to be present at the opening of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on June 2 but arranged to be present, with the Duke of Edinburgh, at the afternoon performance on June 9. In the sixty-four years since the tournament was founded it has contributed nearly £1,000,000 to Service charities. This year's chairman is Major-General G. F. Johnson, G.O.C. London District. On this page we show some of the events in the varied and exciting programme, which includes a display of club-swinging with massed bands by a team consisting of volunteers from each of the three Women's Services. The principal and spectacular R.A.F. display has been illustrated by our Artist, Bryan de Grineau, on the following pages in this issue. The tournament is a Services show from top to bottom and every man and woman taking part in it, from performers to administrators, are volunteers. The Tournament is being held twice daily at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. until June 19.



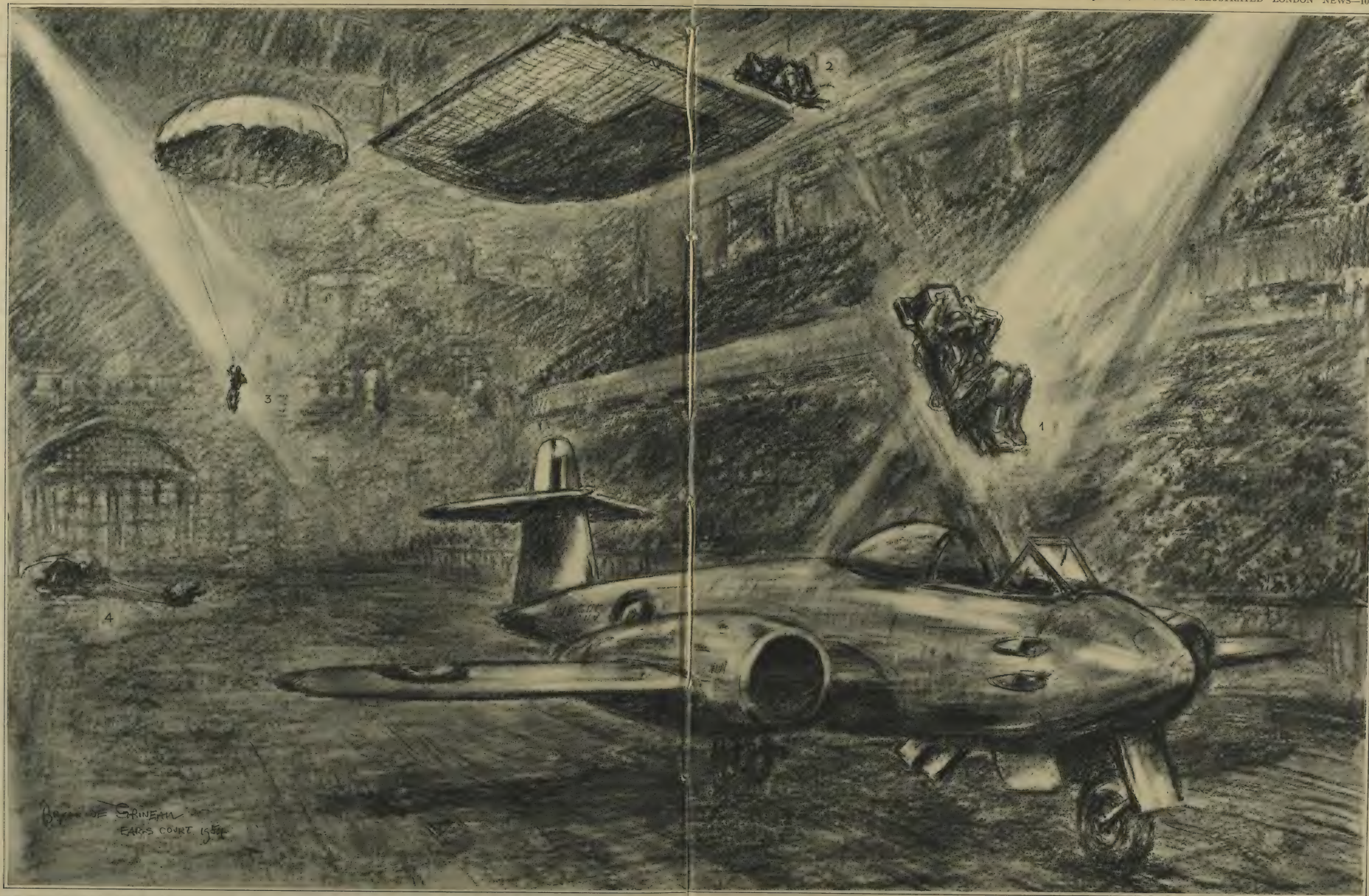
PRESENTED BY A TEAM CONSISTING OF VOLUNTEERS FROM EACH OF THE THREE WOMEN'S SERVICES: A CLUB-SWINGING DISPLAY AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



AN EVER-MOVING AND BRILLIANT SPECTACLE PERFORMED WITH SKILL AND DARING: THE MUSICAL RIDE BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.



ALWAYS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ITEMS IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE TIME-HONOURED FIELD-GUN DISPLAY AND COMPETITION BY THE ROYAL NAVY.



AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, 1954: THE PRINCIPAL R.A.F. DISPLAY SEEN IN AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION

The sixty-fourth annual Royal Tournament opened to the public at Earls Court on June 2, its twin objects being, as in previous years, to encourage skill-at-arms and to raise money for Service charities. The various displays include such favourites as the glittering and exciting Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry, and the Musical Drive by The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery; and, always one of the most

popular events, the field-gun display and competition by the Royal Navy. In 1919 the Royal Air Force joined the other Services in the Royal Tournament and has since been contributing its full quota in display, management and administration. The main Royal Air Force event this year is sponsored by Maintenance Command and demonstrates the development of training methods and safety equipment and

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

OF THE SERIES OF EVENTS IN THE FIRING OF AN EJECTION SEAT FROM A GLOSTER METEOR MK. 8.

the way in which the R.A.F. trains its air crews in parachute descents. This display is in three parts, showing trainees demonstrating the various stages of ground training by elementary falls; pupils sitting in ejection seats which are fired up the towers of two Merlin-Baker trainers, and finally the firing of an ejection seat from an actual Gloster Meteor Mk. 8 aircraft. The latter is illustrated here by our Artist, LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

who depicts, in a series of numbered drawings, the different stages in this event. As the aircraft comes to a standstill in the arena its ejection seat is fired into the air, the dummy pilot landing in a huge net high above. Then a pilot descends by parachute from the heights and lands in the arena. The aircraft and equipment used in this demonstration are on view to the public after each performance.



THE FIRST AMERICAN-BRED DERBY WINNER SINCE 1881: MR. R. S. CLARK'S NEVER SAY DIE PASSING THE POST, WITH ARABIAN NIGHT, SECOND (BEHIND, LEFT) AND DARIUS, THIRD (RIGHT).

The 1954 Derby was an American victory. *Never Say Die* (*Mastullah-Singing Grass*), which won from *Arabian Night* (second) and *Darius* (third), is the first American-bred horse to win the race since Mr. Lorrillard's victory in 1881 with *Iroquois*; and Mr. R. S. Clark, who owns him, is the first American to win the Derby since

Mr. Duryea with *Durbar II*, in 1914. *Never Say Die* is the first Derby winner to be saddled by the trainer, J. Lawson, and the first winning ride in the Derby for the apprentice, Lester Piggott, who at eighteen is one of the youngest—if not the youngest jockey—to ride a Derby winner. *Never Say Die* was nearly scratched, as he was not fancied

for Epsom, but after his appearance in the Newmarket Stakes, when he ran third to *Elopement* and *Golden God*, he seemed to improve with every gallop, and it was decided to let him take his chance. He started at 33 to 1. Our photograph shows *Never Say Die* passing the post, with *Arabian Night* just behind (left) and

Darius (right). *Elopement* (fourth) is behind *Darius* to the left. *Rowston Manor* is the leading horse of the bunch on the rails, with *London*, the Queen's horse, to the left of him. The time of the race was good—2 mins. 35.4-5ths sec., which is only one-fifth of a second more than *Pinza*'s of last year and two seconds outside *Mahmoud*'s record.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN writing last week about Chelsea Flower Show, I realised, when it was too late, that I had failed to mention a most excellent exhibit by Messrs. Hillier, of Win-

chester. This was a type of terraced wall garden, arranged on a plan which was entirely new to me, and it struck me as perhaps the most practical and usefully suggestive exhibit in all the Show. It was on a straight frontage of perhaps 20 or 30 ft. facing the Post Office and "Enquiries." First there was a stone wall about 2 ft. 6 ins. high, which supported a bed of soil 2 ft. wide, or perhaps a trifle more. Behind this was another run of low walling, about a foot high, which supported yet another long, narrow bed. How difficult it is to describe such things clearly and understandably! Let me try from another approach. Quite simply there were two long, narrow beds of soil, terraced, one above the other, by low, stone retaining walls. Such a miniature terraced garden could most easily be built against an existing wall which was 4 or 5 ft. high. Failing stone, bricks might well be used.

The general plan of such terraced beds might be modified and adapted in many ways. No need, for instance, for it to follow a straight frontage. The terraces and frontage might form a circle, an oval, a square, or an oblong to suit certain positions in the garden layout. But the simplest, easiest and perhaps the best way would be to apply the principle where there is a natural fall in ground-level from a terrace path to lawn below. In such cases the too-usual way is to have a turf bank,—which is always the very devil to mow, or a plain wall in which perhaps aubrietias and other curtain plants are planted. But if such a supporting wall were sub-divided so as to form the two long, narrow terraced beds, far greater scope would be at once provided for a much greater variety of beautiful and interesting dwarf plants. All the usual wall plants might be set to cascade down the little walls, and to plume out from them—iberis, alyssum, aubrietias, *Polygonum vaccinifolium*, silver saxifrages, *Genista pilosa*, and dozens of other colourful "easies," and then the two long, narrow terraced beds will make the ideal home and setting for endless dwarfish plants and miniature shrubs which might perhaps look rather lost at the front of the herbaceous borders; plants, many of which would be excellent in the rock-garden—if there were the right type of rock-garden to receive them—which quite often there is not.

Let me suggest just a few of the plants that I have in mind, as types which will suggest dozens of others to any keen acquisitive gardener: *Anemone pulsatilla* in all its forms, especially the lovely Buda-Pest variety with its huge, dove-blue-grey blossoms, and a race which has recently come into cultivation, descended probably from the shell-pink *A. p.* "Mrs. Van der Elst." These new seedlings vary from light pink to rich reddish tangerine tones. They are rare at present, but should soon become reasonably plentiful. The splendid white *Anemone alpina* and the pale yellow *A. sulphurea*; *Ethionema pulchellum*, palest rose, and *Ethionema* "Warley Rose," warm rose-pink. *Androsace lanuginosa* and *A. sarmentosa*; the dwarf Columbines, *Aquilegia bertoloni*, blue, *A. discolor*,

A LESSON FROM CHELSEA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

blue and white, and *A. ecalcarata*, with constellations of spurless, light prune-purple flowers; many of the dwarfer Campanulas, such as the varied forms of *C. carpatica*, and *C. pusilla*; *Daphne cneorum*, dwarf, clear, strong pink and smelling to heaven of the old garden pinks; endless varieties of pinks, gentians to taste—and according to your soil; the tiny, shrubby evergreen jasmine, *Jasminum parkeri*, with golden flowers; the blue perennial flaxes—*Linum perenne* and *L. narbonneuse*, *Lithospermum prostratum*—if your soil is peaty or lime-free; if not, *L. intermedium* to form a rounded evergreen bush with heads of pure sapphire; the dwarf, sub-shrubby Pentstemons such as the ruby-red *P. roezlii*, and the more vigorous *Pentstemon* Six Hills Hybrid, with heads of lilac-purple; the shrubby *Potentilla arbuscula* (name doubtfully authentic) making a low-spreading bush covered all summer with big, soft, golden strawberry flowers; border auriculas and *Pubescens* primulas to taste; *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*, with snow-white buttercup flowers, and

blossoms; *Anemone blanda*, mixed, deep violet, lavender-blue, pink, and endless intermediate shades and tones; Scillas, Puschkinias, Chionodoxas, and the dwarf Narcissi.

If your soil is lime-free, there will be all the dwarfer choicer heathers to choose from, and the really dwarf Rhododendrons. But if it is not naturally a "rhododendron soil"—in fact, even if it is chalky or limey, this is one of the few cases in which it may be reasonably safe and worth while to introduce a good bulk and depth of peaty, lime-free soil in which to grow a few of these delightful little shrubs. Importing peat in order to grow the larger rhododendrons in a limey or chalky garden is merely a manifestation of the Larger Lunacy. It costs a great deal of money and can only, in the end, produce a horrible sort of horticultural Belsen. But on the raised terraces and with the really dwarf rhododendrons, success may be achieved. There is little chance of lime-charged

water seeping into the beds. But it is best to grow the lime-haters all together in one specially-prepared part of the terrace, and to provide a very considerable bulk and depth of peat.

There is one most beautiful relative of the rhododendron family, *Rhodothamnus chamæcistus*, which grows naturally in the Alps on pure limestone formations. It is an exquisite dwarf shrublet, seldom more than a foot high, with small, rather heath-like leaves and saucer-shaped, rosy-pink blossoms about an inch in diameter. The most wonderful display of this exquisite thing that I ever saw was in the Dolomites, a mile or so below Misurina, on the left of the road down to Cortina. *Daphne cneorum* was growing there by the yard and by the acre, scenting the warm mountain air with a fragrance which was intoxicating, and almost too heavily heady. And among cool, mossy rocks in the half-shade of thin woodland, the *Rhodo-*

thamnus was in full blossom, sheets of it, yards of it, one of the very loveliest sights I ever saw in many years among the Alps, and one of the most vivid and treasured memories that has remained with me. And that was exactly forty years ago. I returned to that spot—or very near it—years later, and the wonder of the *Rhodothamnus* on that occasion was almost doubled by the discovery of a great patch of the "Lady's Slipper" Orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*, in full flower. There must have been a couple of dozen or more of the strange-gold and chocolate-coloured blossoms. A memorable find!

Rhodothamnus chamæcistus is not difficult to grow—given a well-established specimen. But it is far from easy to collect successfully. The only hope would seem to be to find a smallish specimen growing in a pocket of soil, so that it may be taken as a growing divot, which should be wrapped immediately in moss and so nursed tenderly home. As to buying a specimen of this exquisite shrublet, I think there are perhaps two or three nurserymen in this country who stock it. It is an ideal shrub for the miniature sink or stone trough rock-garden, or for the type of terraced beds which I have tried to describe. Meanwhile, I am grateful for the idea gathered from Messrs. Hillier's exhibit at Chelsea, 1954. It will appeal especially to the elderly, for cultivation on such terraces can be done without any stooping.



"A MOST BEAUTIFUL RELATIVE OF THE RHODODENDRON FAMILY, RHODOTHAMNUS CHAMÆCISTUS. . . IT IS AN EXQUISITE DWARF SHRUBLET, SELDOM MORE THAN A FOOT HIGH, WITH SMALL, RATHER HEATH-LIKE LEAVES AND SAUCER-SHAPED, ROSY-PINK BLOSSOMS ABOUT AN INCH IN DIAMETER."

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

R. arendsii very like it, but sulphur-yellow; the miniature roses of which many delightful varieties have recently appeared, such as "Pæon," deep red, and the pink "Sweet Fairy"; and *Sisyrinchium odoratissimum*, with sulphur-yellow flowers on wiry, foot-high stems, and looking like some graceful ethereal gladiolus.

These are just a few type plants, a suggestive list of the kinds of plants which might well go into the miniature terrace beds. And then, of course, there are all the dwarf bulbous plants which would be perfect for inter-planting among the others, crocus species, and the lovely tulip species, such as *Tulipa clusiana*, and the little 6-in. *T. batalinii*, with clear butter-yellow

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DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER" SAVED: A SEVEN YEARS' TASK ACCOMPLISHED.



CONSIDERED TO BE PROBABLY NEARER TO ITS ORIGINAL APPEARANCE THAN IT HAS BEEN FOR AT LEAST 200 YEARS: "THE LAST SUPPER," BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, AFTER ITS RESTORATION BY PROFESSOR M. PELLICCIOLI, A TASK WHICH HAS OCCUPIED HIM FOR SEVEN YEARS.



AN ESSENTIAL PRELUDE TO THE DELICATE WORK OF RESTORATION: THE EXAMINATION OF A HYGROMETER INSTALLED IN ORDER TO RECORD THE TEMPERATURE AND AMOUNT OF DAMPNESS IN THE VICINITY OF THE MASTERPIECE.



THE CONSECRATION OF THE RESTORED DA VINCI PAINTING OF "THE LAST SUPPER": SIGNOR MARAZZA, EX-MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, SPEAKING. THE ITALIAN MINISTER OF EDUCATION IS ALSO SHOWN.

The famous "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), in the Refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan, began to show signs of deterioration as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, and unskilled restoration was responsible for damage on various occasions. Finally, in August 1943 the Allied bombing of Milan caused the wall opposite to the painting to collapse and the masterpiece, though protected by sandbags, narrowly escaped destruction, and was put in grave jeopardy through dust, mould caused by damp, and flaking. At the end of the war restoration was considered, and entrusted to Professor M. Pelliccioli, Director of the Brera School of Restoration. The possibility of removing the painting from the wall was considered but he decided to work on it *in situ*. The first step to be taken was to measure the moisture by hygrometers, and to restore the heating system devised in 1908, and the Professor then began his delicate task. He first

secured the loose scales and flakes one by one to the wall, using a special preparation; and when consolidation was assured, removed the traces of glue and varnishes used by past restorers, as well as their overpainting. In some areas five layers of glue and painting, dating from different periods, were removed; and the result—after seven years' work—has exceeded expectations and met with unstinted approval from leading authorities. The head of Philip, the tunics of S.S. Bartholomew and Jude and of Our Lord, and details of the still life, the tablecloth and the landscape in the background, have acquired a new brilliance. Much of Leonardo's work had long been lost, but what is left has been revealed, and the painting is probably nearer to its original appearance than it has been for some 200 years. It was officially consecrated on May 30 at a ceremony which marked the closing of the Leonardo Quincentenary celebrations in Milan.

LYRIC, COMIC, SATIRIC, COMPASSIONATE: GOYA DRAWINGS NOW ON VIEW.



"WHAT A MISFORTUNE!" A COMIC, SATIRICAL GOYA DRAWING ON VIEW IN THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION. (Chinese ink wash. Prado.)



"A BLIND BEGGAR," ONE OF GOYA'S COMPASSIONATE DRAWINGS. OF POOR SPANISH PEOPLE. (Pen and ink and wash. Lazaro Galdiano Museum, Madrid.)



"GRIMACES OF BACCHUS," AN EXAMPLE OF GOYA'S PREOCCUPATION WITH HUMAN FOLLY. (Sepia and Chinese ink wash. Prado.)



THE Exhibition of drawings and etchings by Goya y Lucientes (1746-1828), which opens to-day (June 12) at the Arts Council Galleries, St. James's Square, is of exceptional importance, for though there have been a few exhibitions of his etchings in this country, and the National Gallery contains portraits by him, Goya's drawings

(LEFT.) "AGILITY AND DARING OF JUANITO APOÑANI IN THE BULL RING, MADRID." (Sanguine. Prado.)

(RIGHT.) "A PATERNAL EMBRACE," IN GOYA'S REMBRANDTESQUE MANNER. (Sepia and Chinese ink and wash. Prado.)



"POVERTY," A COMPASSIONATE DRAWING IN WHICH SQUALOR IS TURNED TO BEAUTY. (Sepia wash. Prado.)



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"—OLD WOMEN ARE LAUGHING AT THE MEETING OF TWO CROOKS. (Sepia, pen and ink and Chinese ink wash. Prado.)



"NOTHING MATTERS TO US," A DRAWING OF LOVERS IN GOYA'S LYRICAL MOOD. (Sepia wash. Prado.)

Continued.] are almost unknown here. Many facets of his art are represented in the current exhibition, including satirical, lyrical, compassionate and comic drawings, as well as a number of his etchings. The occasion is the first on which the Prado has sent any of his drawings to London. All art-lovers will join in the gratitude expressed by the Arts Council for this and to Professor de Salas, who has prepared the catalogue.

GOYA DRAWINGS FROM THE PRADO : LENT FOR EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



"HELP," ON VIEW, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER DRAWINGS REPRODUCED, AT THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS BY GOYA. (Sepia wash. Prado.)



"FOILED," A SPLENDIDLY VIVID GOYA DRAWING OF SWORDSMEN FIGHTING A DUEL WITH RAPIERS. (Sepia wash. Prado.)

In his foreword to the catalogue of the notable Exhibition of Drawings and Etchings by Goya y Lucientes (1746-1828), the famous Spanish artist, which opens to-day, June 12, at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, Mr. Philip James points out that, though the subject matter Goya chose is often fantastic and cryptic, "we can enjoy the breath-taking beauty of a particular pose, the power and inventiveness of the composition, and the miracle of its



"A PRETTY PAIR," A DRAWING SHOWING HOW STRONGLY GOYA WAS INFLUENCED BY REMBRANDT: IN THE EXHIBITION OPENING TO-DAY, JUNE 12. (Sepia wash. Prado.)



"WHAT LOVE CAN ACCOMPLISH"—THE LADY IS WADING ACROSS THE RIVER TO MEET HER LOVER, ON HORSEBACK IN THE BACKGROUND. (Chinese ink and wash. Prado.)

placing... and a sheer mastery of draughtsmanship which recalls his acknowledged master, Rembrandt—he owned to but three masters, Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt." The exhibition has been made possible by the generosity of the Direction Generale de Relaciones Culturales, and the authorities of the Prado and the Lazaro Galdiano Museums, Madrid, who have lent a large selection of drawings and rare prints for exhibition in London until July 25.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



EVERY year scores, possibly hundreds, of new technical words come into being. Not many pass into current everyday usage or find a place in any but the special technical dictionaries. It is given to few, therefore, actually to coin a word or a phrase that has a reasonable chance of coming into common use. It is conceivable that Maxwell Knight has done this, not deliberately, but in his need to find a title for his new book, "Bird Gardening" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.). Strange as it may seem, this is exactly what the book is about: it is not about ornithology, nor is it about bird-watching, but simply and solely about what to do in the garden in order to fill it with birds. It also tells you what not to do, which is even more valuable. Cloche-gardening is the art of filling the garden with cloches. Whether you grow anything successfully under the cloches is incidental. You will, however, be more successful if you follow the rules. The same applies to bird gardening. The size of the garden is of little consequence. One good lady with no more than a window-sill has more or less regular visits from nearly ten different species of birds, in the heart of London.

Maxwell Knight writes without frills about all the things the ordinary interested person wishes to know. First he settles what nesting-boxes to use and, highly important, how to use them. You can have nesting-boxes in sufficient number to satisfy, as you would think, all avian desires. The birds will come and investigate them again and again for days on end, and then nest in what seems a most unsuitable position, usually in a neighbour's garden. Indeed, this matter of choosing nesting-sites could form the subject of a weighty monograph. If instinct alone is the guide, if nothing in the way of a wilful choice in the human sense is exercised, then instinct is even more remarkable a thing than any of us have ever thought. Leaving aside the occasional mistakes, we have to reckon with what looks like expert knowledge on the part of the birds themselves, and if nesting-boxes are not properly sited they just will not use them. Even with the best attention only a proportion of the boxes will be used, but this proportion can be increased the more we know about it.

This is a very readable book, on what to do about bird-tables, what food to put down and how to put it

BIRD GARDENING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

been justly called a wild flower out of place. So in bird gardening a wild bird out of place, and detrimental to the crop aimed at, is comparable to a weed. But the author confesses to a difficulty in advising what to do about magpies, jays and other large birds that occasionally rob the nests of smaller birds. As he points out, it is unsafe to use so much as an air-gun, even when the garden in question is of fair



A RARE PASSAGE-VAGRANT IN BRITAIN IN SPRING AND AUTUMN: THE LOVELY HOPOE WITH ITS UPSTANDING CREST, THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ARE PINKISH-BROWN AND WINGS AND TAIL BLACK-AND-WHITE. WIDELY DISTRIBUTED OVER EUROPE, AFRICA AND ASIA, THE HOPOE SEEMS TO BE MORE COMMONLY SEEN TO-DAY THAN FORMERLY. THIS MAY BE BECAUSE WE ARE MORE BIRD-CONSCIOUS. IT COULD BE THAT "THE MAN WITH THE GUN" IS BECOMING MORE DISCRIMINATING. TOO OFTEN IN THE PAST THE HOPOE HAS BEEN SHOT MERELY BECAUSE IT WAS CONSPICUOUS, ALL CONSPICUOUS BIRDS BEING TREATED AS VERMIN.

proportions, and in a small garden it is out of the question.

Our author leaves the problem there, more or less, but those who take up bird gardening seriously will be apt to find this matter of "weeds" perplexing. It is not so simple as with plants. There discrimination is easy. A weed is something you yourself have not sown. Moreover, plants, although alive, are not sufficiently animate to arouse violent sentiments. Dandelions, chickweed and couch grass can be dug up and thrown aside without remorse.

If we look at the matter dispassionately it must be admitted that magpies and jays are extremely handsome birds. They may lack a song, but they are among the more intelligent of birds. If they had been imported as pets or show-pieces, we should do little but admire them. What, then, is our prejudice against them? To the gamekeeper they are vermin; but then I know one gamekeeper who shoots kestrels as vermin. As for magpies, in particular, opinion is much divided. Not everyone is in favour of killing them off, even in a small garden. If we may trust the literature, there are places on the Continent where, if not encouraged, they are at least not persecuted, with no noticeable detriment to agriculture or to the numbers of small birds. An outstanding feature of the researches on wild life in recent years is the number of so-called vermin or predatory animals that have been shown, after careful scrutiny of the facts, to be on balance beneficial to man's interests, provided their numbers do not get out of hand. This is so marked that one suspects sentiment and prejudice of masquerading under the guise of reason where some of the so-called destructive species are concerned. At all events, informed opinion has undergone a radical change of late concerning the rôle of the predator. Elsewhere, views are apt still to be coloured by the outmoded "Nature red in tooth and claw."

Animal has been preying on animal for at least the last 600,000,000 years, and possibly for double that time. It is true that during that period species have become extinct, but there is little to show that predation was the cause. There are exceptions, as when alien species, especially rats, have been introduced on to oceanic islands and have ousted the native rats, chiefly, it seems, in competition for food. These exceptions apart, there is more evidence that a concatenation of circumstances is needed to extinguish all but the most localised species. Predation may be one of these circumstances, but it is no more than this.

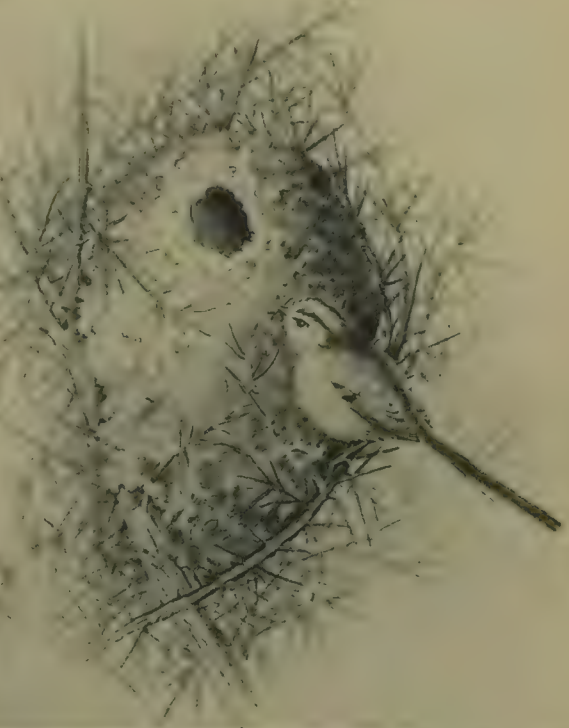
It is now abundantly clear that, in the normal run, a predator merely skims off the surplus population of the species preyed upon. On average this is probably about 5 per cent. of the whole. For the most part, even this low percentage is made up mainly of the weaklings and the sickly, so that the net result of the predator's activities is to maintain the vitality of the species. Conversely, there are a number of authenticated instances showing that when a predator-species is killed off, or its numbers seriously reduced, the prey-species may follow one of two courses, according to circumstances. Its numbers may increase to pest proportions, or, following an initial spectacular increase, the numbers may drop to a very low figure. In the second instance, the cause of the subsequent decline is the survival of the sickly and the weak, which form foci for disease, and this is coupled with an overcrowding which favours the spread of the disease.

Returning to birds in particular, there have been a number of statistical surveys of different species in different parts of the world. The figures arrived at independently in each instance do not differ significantly. They show that the percentage of young birds successfully leaving the nest, under wild conditions and with the normal quota of predators, is some 80 to 85 per cent. It is during the first six months after leaving the nest that the high casualties occur, and these are by no means all due to predators, accident and disease claiming a large number. In other words, those things that prey on nestlings do relatively little damage anyway, and even if all such predators could be eradicated the hazards of



AN ELEGANT RELATIVE OF THE WOODPECKERS: THE WRYNECK, WITH GREY-BROWN PLUMAGE MOTTLED AND STREAKED LIKE THAT OF THE NIGHTJAR. IT FEEDS ON INSECTS TAKEN FROM THE BARK AND NESTS IN HOLES IN OLD TREES. NOW ABSENT OR SCARCE IN MANY OF ITS FORMER HAUNTS, THIS SUMMER RESIDENT NEEDS WELL-GROWN TREES FOR FEEDING, BUT MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO NEST IN A SUITABLE NESTING-BOX IN A GARDEN.

down so that the birds can take it before the cat takes them. Materials put out to assist in nest-building are not in themselves sufficient. They also must be so placed that the birds can take them before the cat can stalk the birds. So the narrative proceeds, with advice all the way, illustrated with many personal reminiscences, especially where methods of hand-rearing young and orphan birds are concerned. Finally, as all good gardening books should, the subject of weeds is mentioned. A weed proper has



NESTING TYPICALLY IN A FURZE-BUSH, A LUXURY ONLY THE LARGER GARDENS CAN AFFORD: THE LONG-TAILED TIT, WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO ENTER A HOUSE, IF ONLY ON A FLEETING VISIT.

Illustrations by Jean Armitage, reproduced from the book "Bird Gardening," by Maxwell Knight; by courtesy of the Publishers, Routledge and Kegan Paul.

the first six months have still to be faced. Moreover, if bird gardening became both successful and widespread, the time might arrive when other species would, like starlings, begin to present population problems.

If the cause of the predatory species has been pleaded at too great length, it is because all other aspects of bird gardening have been sufficiently and eloquently dealt with by Maxwell Knight himself. But bird gardening is one form of conservation, and conservation does not mean preserving only those things we like and eradicating the rest.

FARADAY'S SIMPLE DEVICE - A COPPER DISC ROTATED BETWEEN THE ENDS OF A MAGNET - MADE POSSIBLE THE GREAT STEAM AND HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER STATIONS OF TODAY, WHICH WORK ON PRECISELY THE SAME PRINCIPLE.



TODAY WE MAY BE ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DISCOVERY AS IMPORTANT AS THAT OF FARADAY'S IN THE INDUCTION OF ELECTRIC CURRENT 120 YEARS AGO.

TWO OF FARADAY'S ORIGINAL SOLENOIDS.



THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF THE EXPERIMENTAL ATOMIC BATTERY.

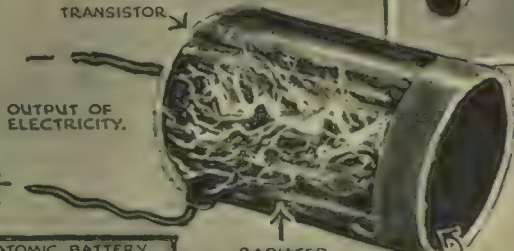


SIMPLIFIED CROSS SECTION OF THE ATOMIC BATTERY.



THE HISTORIC FIRST ATOMIC BATTERY DEVELOPED BY THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

THE CYLINDER ON THE RIGHT HAS A THIN COATING OF RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIAL ON ITS FACE. THE TRANSISTOR-LIKE WAFER (LEFT) IS BOMBARDED BY ELECTRONS FROM THE RADIO-ACTIVE FACE AND PRODUCES CURRENT BY THE RELEASE OF MANY MORE ELECTRONS.



TRANSISTOR

OUTPUT OF ELECTRICITY.

RADIATED ELECTRONS PRODUCED IN CRYSTAL CONDUCTOR.

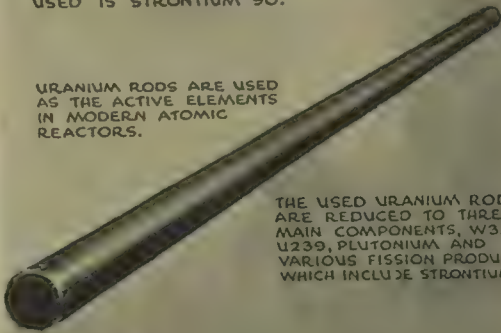
RADIO-ACTIVE SOURCE.

THE RADIO-ACTIVE SOURCE RADIATES BILLIONS OF BETA PARTICLES. THE TRANSISTOR AMPLIFIES AND CONVERTS THEM INTO ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL ATOMIC BATTERY WAS ABLE TO PRODUCE SUFFICIENT POWER TO SEND A SIGNAL AUDIBLE IN AN ORDINARY EARPHONE.

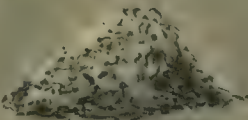
THE RADIO ACTIVE SOURCE AT PRESENT USED IS STRONTIUM-90.

URANIUM RODS ARE USED AS THE ACTIVE ELEMENTS IN MODERN ATOMIC REACTORS.



THE USED URANIUM RODS ARE REDUCED TO THREE MAIN COMPONENTS, W3, U235, PLUTONIUM AND VARIOUS FISSION PRODUCTS WHICH INCLUDE STRONTIUM-90

THE STRONTIUM-90 IN THE FORM OF SMALL PARTICLES HAS A TYPE OF RADIO-ACTIVITY THAT CAN BE EASILY SHIELDED.



EARPHONE.

SIGNAL KEY.

ATOMIC BATTERY INSIDE A PLASTIC BOX.

SOME USES FOR THE ATOMIC BATTERY ENVISAGED IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



THE MINUTE BATTERY AND HEARING AID COMBINED.

THE HEARING AID AND ATOMIC BATTERY COMBINED.

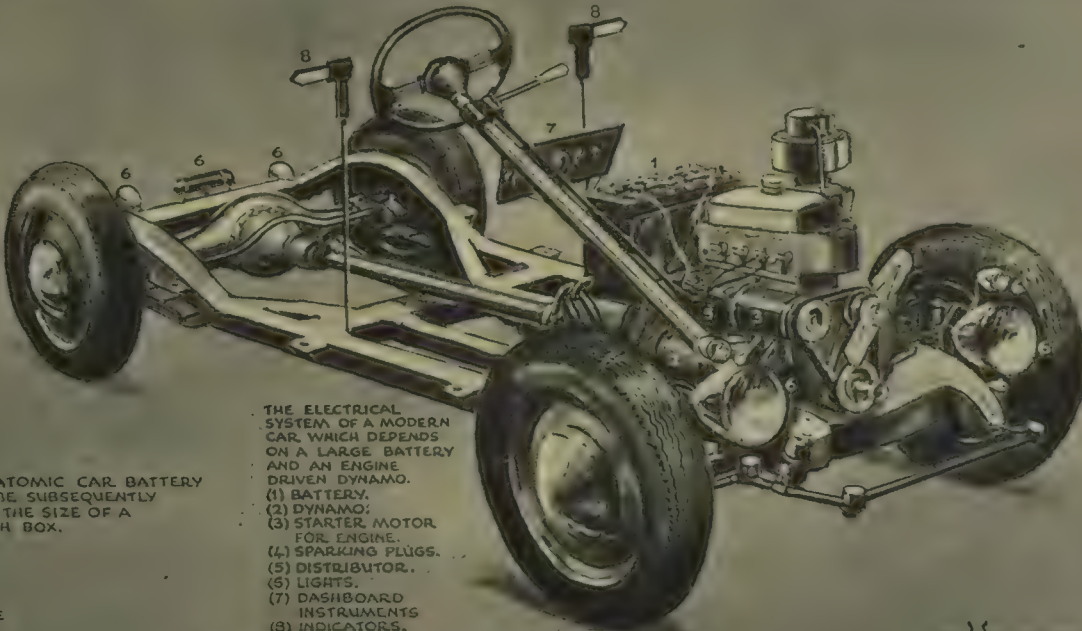
POWER FOR SMALL ELECTRIC MOTORS.

MINUTE LIGHTS.

POWER FOR SMALL ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED BY SOME EXPERTS THAT IN DUE COURSE THE ATOMIC BATTERY WILL BE DEVELOPED SUFFICIENTLY TO PROVIDE ALL THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY NECESSARY FOR AUTOMOBILES, FROM A BATTERY LITTLE LARGER THAN A MATCHBOX AND WITH A VERY LONG LIFE.

THE PRESENT TYPE 12-VOLT BATTERY FOR A 12-15 H.P. CAR MEASURES 14 IN. X 10 IN. X 6 IN. AND WEIGHS 58 LB. ITS AVERAGE LIFE IS BETWEEN 2 AND 3 YEARS.



- THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM OF A MODERN CAR, WHICH DEPENDS ON A LARGE BATTERY AND AN ENGINE-DRIVEN DYNAMO.
- (1) BATTERY.
 - (2) DYNAMO.
 - (3) STARTER MOTOR FOR ENGINE.
 - (4) SPARKING PLUGS.
 - (5) DISTRIBUTOR.
 - (6) LIGHTS.
 - (7) DASHBOARD INSTRUMENTS.
 - (8) INDICATORS.

IN ADDITION TO THESE, A BATTERY ALSO OFTEN SERVES A RADIO, HEATER, WINDSCREEN WIPER AND OTHER SUBSIDIARY EQUIPMENT.

THE ATOMIC BATTERY OF THE FUTURE WILL PROBABLY PRODUCE POWER FOR BETWEEN 15 AND 20 YEARS.



THE ATOMIC CAR BATTERY MAY BE SUBSEQUENTLY ONLY THE SIZE OF A MATCH BOX.

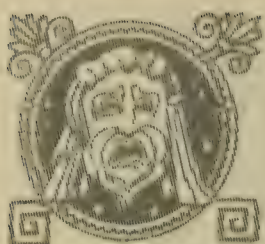
CONVERTING ATOMIC ENERGY DIRECT INTO ELECTRICITY: A REVOLUTIONARY INVENTION WHICH IN TIME MAY HAVE AS FAR-REACHING AN EFFECT AS FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES IN THE PRODUCTION OF ELECTRICITY.

In January this year the Radio Corporation of America announced that they had discovered a way for producing electricity in small but usable quantities direct from a radio-active source; and they demonstrated a match-box-size battery which provided a millionth of a watt—enough current, that is, to run a transistor audio oscillator circuit, giving a tone audible 20 ft. away. Previous experiment in the production of electricity by atomic power has consisted in using atomic energy to produce heat to turn a turbine—in other words, using atomic energy as coal or oil. The astonishing thing about the R.C.A. battery is that it produces electricity directly. This battery consists of a very small radio-active source to which is coupled a wafer of semi-conducting crystal (germanium or silicon), with an impurity material alloyed into the crystal to form a junction. The radio-active

source used in the experiments has been Strontium-90, one of the most abundant materials resulting from the fission of uranium in a reactor. Strontium-90 is a highly active source of beta particles—high-speed electrons—and it has a half-life of roughly twenty years—i.e., every twenty years half of its radio-activity is dissipated. The layer of strontium bombards the semi-conducting crystal with several thousand million electrons per second and each of these bombarding electrons as it penetrates the wafer releases about 200,000 other electrons. These released electrons produce a voltage which can be applied to an electronic circuit and cause a current to flow. As yet the current produced is very small, but if the principle is developed, its uses, especially as envisaged by our Artist, appear likely to be both widespread and revolutionary.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

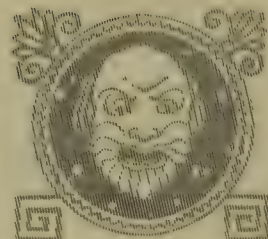
G. H. DAVIS
1954



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

HUMAN AT LEAST.

By ALAN DENT.



SOMEONE in a letter to me declines my persuasions to see "The Living Desert" for the reason that the wild life which these Walt Disney nature-films depict can only be "ignoble and sub-human." Let this lady, who thinks we are vastly superior to the arachnida and the reptilia, visit—as I have done this week—the films of "Miss Sadie Thompson" and "Knave of Hearts" and then write and tell me if the characters portrayed by Rita Hayworth in the one and Gérard Philipe in the other have—to put it mildly—any very striking nobility or humanity about them.

The first of these two films is largely content to deploy Miss Hayworth's glamour as it would affect a cluster of U.S. Marines on a tropical island. It succeeds in this, but it succeeds also in taking away all the force, all the ingenuity and even most of the point and sting of Somerset Maugham's famous story, "Rain," on which it is to use the convenient word—"based."

The film "improves" on the story by giving it one new character and a touch of so-called romance. It seems that the huskiest of the Marines has a beating human heart, and that he wants to shield Sadie and even ultimately make a good wife of her. His name is O'Hara (he is rather touchingly played as a kind of vulnerable bear by Aldo Ray), and Sadie gives him several speaking looks even at the height of her rowdiest parties at which she is the only lady present. But Mr. Davidson, the missionary, spoils it all. He is played in the oddest hang-dog sort of way by José Ferrer. Mr. Davidson, as in the story, commits suicide after a sudden abandonment to the wiles of Sadie, whose soul he has been trying to save from perdition.

desperate vendetta against the girl, until Davidson bares Sadie's Honolulu past. Davidson persuades Sadie to seek salvation by returning and facing her punishment; she even turns down O'Hara's repentant offers to smuggle her to Sydney where he can join her."



A FILM WHICH IS "LARGELY CONTENT TO DEPLOY MISS HAYWORTH'S GLAMOUR AS IT WOULD AFFECT A CLUSTER OF U.S. MARINES ON A TROPICAL ISLAND": "MISS SADIE THOMPSON" (COLUMBIA PICTURES), SHOWING THE SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH SADIE (RITA HAYWORTH) ARRIVES ON THE ISLAND AND, WHILE BEING ESCORTED TO HER HOTEL, HER JEEP GETS STUCK IN SOME MUD AND HAS TO BE PULLED OUT BY A BUNCH OF EAGER MARINES. (GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, MAY 27.)

Miss Hayworth's most ardent admirers cannot really pretend that she succeeds in making an honest woman out of Sadie (and Mr. Ferrer certainly makes no such impression either). But it may be conceded that her performance does suggest that this Sadie might eventually make an honest if much-tried man out of Marine-Sergeant O'Hara.

Another very odd thing about this version is the strong emphasis on humid heat. Each and everybody at Sadie's parties perspires so freely that one longs for them all to go out into the pouring rain and take a natural shower-bath. It all seems, to one spectator at least, more tropical than the tropics.

My other film, "Knave of Hearts," is an altogether more distinguished piece of work, directed by René Clément, who made the unforgettable and tragic and masterly "The Secret Game" last year. This is an ironic and very Gallic comedy about a libertine, and it seems to have shocked several of my colleagues who ought, logically, to be equally shocked by Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (which, it is perhaps irrelevant to add, is my favourite opera).

The whole point about the young voluptuary—played with devastating charm by

Gérard Philipe—is that he is a Frenchman operating in London. He is a lazy, casual, cynical butterfly who visits a particular flower more than once but never visits the same kind of flower twice. (My holding in zoology has recently been somewhat strained, and I must here protest that it does not take in very much entomology, and that I cannot therefore even pretend to know whether this is a usual procedure among the lepidoptera.)

The ladies in his case are a fractious fool working in the same office who has not mastered the elementary art of concealing her natural querulousness (Margaret

Johnston); a handsome widow who proceeds as far as marriage but not much further (Valerie Hobson); two well-differentiated types of doting admirers who all but succumb (Natasha Parry and Joan Greenwood); and a harlot who gives the young man hospitality when he is adrift and penniless (Germaine Montero).

They are a silly crowd of girls in the main. But they are at least human in their longings and their strivings.

There is a delightful conclusion in which this Don Giovanni threatens to commit suicide by jumping from a balcony. To his horror, he very nearly succeeds. But the whole thing seems to me to be redeemed from both cynicism (when the hero is in funds) and from squalor (when he is down on his luck) by its freshness of observation, its jaunty impetus, and its wit. Surely witty, for example, is that scene in which the hero masquerades as a tutor and the smart widow hands him a poem she has written for his criticism? It is in actuality a poem by Mallarmé, but the young man is utterly unaware of the deception. The gracious Miss Hobson here looks for all the world like a goddess condescending to spend an afternoon with a faun.

Technically, this film is fascinating. It has the air of being an improvisation—for the very good reason, I take it, that many of the outdoor scenes were actually improvised. Many of the London episodes, both those in Mayfair and those in Soho, are credibly declared to have been "shot" with concealed cameras or with mobile cameras in moving taxi-cabs. The over-all result is that we are, for once in a way, given the conviction that the good Scots poet's longing has at last been realised—we are seeing ourselves as others (*i.e.*, witty French film-makers) see us. This it must be which makes some of my associates declare to be "uncomfortable" in "Knave of Hearts."

May I return yet again to "The Living Desert"—for the very last time, I promise you—and say something about it I have hitherto omitted to say? This is, that it is a quite unsuitable film for very young children. I say this not because it might frighten



"THE WHOLE THING SEEMS TO ME TO BE REDEEMED FROM BOTH CYNICISM (WHEN THE HERO IS IN FUNDS) AND FROM SQUALOR (WHEN HE IS DOWN ON HIS LUCK) BY ITS FRESHNESS OF OBSERVATION, ITS JAUNTY IMPETUS AND ITS WIT": "KNAVE OF HEARTS" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH-PATHÉ), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE HERO, ANDRÉ RIPOIS (GÉRARD PHIPE) IS OUT OF WORK AND IS ROAMING ROUND SOHO, HUNGRY AND PRACTICALLY PENNILESS, LOOKING FOR A JOB. THE DIRECTOR OF THIS FILM IS RENÉ CLÉMENT.

But there is none of the necessary inevitability about this, as in the story or even as in the passable stage-version made from the story.

Instead, it all becomes raw, crude, unsubtle. It bears about as much relation to "Rain" as the prose of the film-synopsis bears to Maugham's masterly incisiveness and detachment. In this synopsis, for example, we may read this helpful mixture of cant and periphrasis: "Both lonely people, O'Hara and Sadie, find happiness together, despite Davidson's



"TECHNICALLY, THIS FILM IS FASCINATING": "KNAVE OF HEARTS," A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH ANDRÉ RIPOIS (GÉRARD PHIPE) HAS A CHANCE MEETING IN THE RAIN WITH NORAH, A LONDON TYPIST (JOAN GREENWOOD); THEY FIND A HUNGRY DOG, WHICH THEY DECIDE TO TAKE BACK TO HIS HOME TO FEED. (RITZ, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 20.)

children, but because they would be liable to gloat over it too much! I am not a parent, but I am a godparent many times over. In consequence, I think that the generality of children are dear little savages who get quite enough horror and cruelty in their fairy-tales as it is. (Look dispassionately through Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm if you think this a thoughtless or unconsidered statement!) I think, therefore, that the purpose of such a film as "The Living Desert" is to fill adults with awe and not to make infants shudder with unholy glee. These last, therefore, should be kept away from it.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A CAMERA SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS.



THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL HONG KONG VOLUNTEER DEFENCE FORCE: A COMPANY OF THE HONG KONG REGIMENT MARCHING PAST THE GOVERNOR IN HONG KONG. An impressive parade marked the centenary of the Royal Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Force in Hong Kong on May 30. The Force paraded on the Hong Kong Cricket Club ground, where his Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, carried out an inspection before taking the salute at the Cenotaph.



THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE LONDON CENTRAL MOSQUE: A SCENE IN REGENT'S PARK DURING THE CEREMONY ON JUNE 3. On June 3, the Muslim festival of Eid-ul-Fitr, representatives of twelve Muslim countries ceremonially laid the foundation-stone of the London Central Mosque at the Islamic Cultural Centre in Regent's Park. It is estimated that the building will cost £250,000.



APPROACHING THEIR FORMER HOMELAND: ISLANDERS WAVING AS THEY NEAR HELIGOLAND TO ATTEND A RALLY.

Some 500 workmen are at present engaged in rebuilding the North Sea island of Heligoland, which suffered extensive damage from Allied bombardment during World War II. The island was returned to Germany on March 1, 1952, but was used by the R.A.F. for bombing practice for another year. The photograph (above, right) shows large concrete sections ready



CONCRETE "HORSE-SHOES" READY FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TUNNEL: A SCENE IN HELIGOLAND.

for the construction of a sloping tunnel through which a lift will carry visitors from the lower harbour to the upper plateau.



CARRYING U.S. BAZOOKAS: ITALIAN INFANTRYMEN PASSING THE PRESIDENTIAL STAND DURING A PARADE TO MARK THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC. There was a military parade in Rome on June 2 to mark the eighth anniversary of the Italian Republic. The parade was attended by President Luigi Einaudi and members of the Diplomatic Corps. Our photograph shows infantrymen passing the Presidential stand.



LEAVING KUALA LUMPUR ON MAY 31: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, THE RETIRING BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA, AND LADY TEMPLER. LARGE CROWDS CHEERED THEM ON THEIR WAY TO THE AIRPORT.



WAVING FAREWELL TO GENERAL SIR GERALD AND LADY TEMPLER AT KUALA LUMPUR: SIR DONALD AND LADY MACGILLIVRAY AND THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR. General Sir Gerald Templer, the retiring High Commissioner in Malaya, was bidden farewell at Kuala Lumpur on May 31 by the new High Commissioner, Sir Donald Macgillivray, Malay rulers, members of the Government, and senior military and police officers. Instead of taking up his announced post as C-in-C, B.A.O.R., General Templer has been granted long leave pending another important appointment.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THAT takes me back," said a clear voice somewhere in the third row of the Arts Theatre circle during the first act of "The Impresario from Smyrna." As the speaker seemed to be about twenty, and as "The Impresario" is set in Venice during the eighteenth century, I could assume

mysterious neighbour—and all the more so when I saw, close to me, both the director of that first production and the actor who had played the innkeeper. Spirits drooped. Agreed, the translation was as elegant as I had thought, and Disley Jones had contrived a Venetian setting fit for the frivolous tale. This was

"the pleasant place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy." But the light soon faded, for the cast had not the Goldoni manner. The play was chivvied along, and though there were happier moments, I felt at the end that the butterfly had been mam-mocked, that Goldoni's Venice was in the dust.

A pity. Still, we could be grateful for one or two performances, and especially that of Donald Pleasence as the hack dramatist resolved to blaze in Smyrna. This fellow is like a blend of weasel, limpet and (at the end, when he emerges, dripping, from the Grand Canal) water-rat. Or we can suggest that he is the persistent spirit of the wine-bottle he carries round with him. Regularly he emerges from it to say his piece with a glazed determination: we might

Jacobean plays; and this Irish dramatist's methods, his following of the most exuberant humour by the darkest tragedy, his release of a cascade of words, his joy in the sheer sound of what his people were saying—all of this seemed to me to be perfectly natural. "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid, heard words that have been so nimble and so full of subtle flame . . ." Clearly someone had come over from a Mermaid Tavern of Dublin. In "Playwright at Work" Mr. van Druten speaks of O'Casey's effect in "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars," the frequent "switch from broad farce to intensest tragic emotion, sometimes in a quarter of a page, and without warning. . . . The comic scenes were so broad that only a genius, possessed of a deep poetic insight, could have managed it."

Here now is the sepia-tinted programme from 1926, with the names of the Irish players of that day—four or five of the leaders, alas, are dead—who sustained O'Casey's tale of the Dublin tenements during 1915 and the terrors of Easter Week, 1916. The play was directed by the late J. B. Fagan who, in the previous year, had staged "The Cherry Orchard" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is curious that the two great plays should be together again in the theatre-list. One name from my first "Plough and the Stars" survives in the revival at the New Lindsey—that of Christopher Steele, who is now Peter Flynn, the Forester in the "green an' glory uniform," but who was then one of the soldiers of the last act. This is the scene that ends in the flickering candlelight of the tenement, with a body upon the floor, and, throughout the house, black tragedy. From outside, under the tortured night sky above Dublin, the sound of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," sung by soldiers in the street, rises into the room, where sergeant and corporal pick up the refrain as the curtain falls.

At the Lindsey the scene makes its old effect. The whole night made me wonder why it is so long since "The Plough" has had a London revival. The present cast uses a bold attack, though not every actress can be expected to cope with the crape-hung imagination of Mrs. Gogan, of whom Fluther says at the end: "Sure, she's in her element now . . . mixin' "



"HERE ARE THE SQUABBLES OF A BAND OF OPERATIC SINGERS, ALL INTRIGUING FOR CONTRACTS IN THE COMPANY THAT A RICH TURK HAS BEEN PERSUADED TO START IN SMYRNA": "THE IMPRESARIO FROM SMYRNA" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM CLIFFORD BAX'S GRACEFUL VERSION OF A GOLDONI COMEDY, WITH (L. TO R.; STANDING) FABRIZIO (JOHN RICKWORD), NIBIO (MILES BROWN), PASQUALINO (GEORGE BENSON), LASCA (HUGH PADDICK), TOGNINA (JESSIE EVANS), MACCARIO (DONALD PLEASENCE), AND BELTRAME (WOLFE MORRIS). (FOREGROUND; L. TO R.) ANNINA (MAIRHI RUSSELL), CARLUCCIO (IVAN STAFF) AND LUCREZIA (PRUNELLA SCALES).

only that it was some little matter of reincarnation. I never enquired, and regret my failure.

The play was taking me back as well. So, too, and more forcibly, did "The Plough and the Stars"—a much-needed revival—at the New Lindsey Theatre on the next night. Not that I had been in either Venice or Dublin—regrettable gaps to be filled—but simply that my programmes at home, jealously hoarded, contained both "The Plough" and "The Impresario," one from its first London run, the other from its last major London appearance.

"Major" is hardly the word to use for Carlo Goldoni's comedy, as slight as we can possibly imagine. It is one of 250 plays by this author, who lived to be eighty-six. He was a Venetian by birth, and it has been said with reason that "the sunlight of eighteenth-century Venice shines in his work for those who take the trouble to search it out." But Goldoni's plays do need acting to match. If they are done at all clumsily, we feel that a set of porcelain figures has been tossed down and cracked, or that we are watching Shakespeare's Young Marcius as he mammoocks the gilded butterfly.

"The Impresario from Smyrna" may contain some remembrances of the strolling players with whom Goldoni appeared when, at the age of twelve, he ran off from his first school to be an actor. It is a gay trifle, but the gaiety is on one note. Here are the squabbles of a band of operatic singers, all intriguing for contracts in the company that a rich Turk has been persuaded to start in Smyrna. As we guess very soon, the rich Turk is so overcome by the temperamental artists and their entourage, by the whole load of mischief he is obliged to shoulder, that he sails away from Venice to Smyrna, leaving the business—a forgotten nightmare—behind him. Whereupon the singers form a communal opera company of their own, and the curtain falls on their resolve to conquer Venice.

It is all amiable in its way. There are the competing singers, Venetian, Florentine and Bolognese; the peevish male soprano, the tenor, the suave "patron of musicians," the penurious poet; ready to storm Smyrna if the Turk's money-bags are heavy enough. Ali himself is a comic balloon of a man, at first inflated in anticipation, then deflated in pardonable terror.

I recalled the London production of 1935 mainly because of Clifford Bax's elegant English text. Mr. Bax brought his own personal grace to Goldoni; in recollection the cast aided him. The play had lingered vaguely like a light Mozartian air. I was prepared then, at the Arts, to be taken back—with my

murmur of him, as Feste of the surgeon at the end of "Twelfth Night," "His eyes were set at eight i' the morning." Besides Mr. Pleasence, it was obvious at the première that Jessie Evans and George Benson knew what they were about. Not much else took me back to the old Group Theatre night.

The revival of "The Plough and the Stars," one of the great plays of our time, returned me to a London theatre in the summer of 1926. Every school holiday at that time meant a round of the then-existing London pits. John van Druten, in his book, "Playwright at Work," which is as likeable an account as we have had of a dramatist's evolution, says: "The gallery, pit and stage doors of the London theatres are still magic places to me." He would find now that the pit is dead. To-day a theatre's ground floor is given up to the stalls; we must pay the stalls price for what used to be that miraculous front row of the pit.

However, I saw "The Plough and the Stars" from the front row, having gone straight from the West Country train and found myself, happily, in the first dozen at the head of the pit queue. On that night O'Casey—who now himself lives in the West Country—gained a new admirer. I was soaking in Elizabethan and



"THE WHOLE NIGHT MADE ME WONDER WHY IT IS SO LONG SINCE 'THE PLOUGH' HAS HAD A LONDON REVIVAL": "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) FLUTHER GOOD (LIAM REDMOND), ROSIE (NORA O'MAHONY), YOUNG COVEY (JACK MACGOWRAN) AND A BARTENDER (DERMOT MCDOWALL).

earth to earth, an' ashes t'ashes, an' dust to dust, an' revellin' in plumes an' hearses, last days an' judgments!" But Mr. Steele can express the "animated anguish" and "irritated defiance" of Uncle Peter, who has one of my favourite O'Casey remarks: "If I were you, Mrs. Gogan, I'd parry her jabbin' remarks be a powerful silence that'll keep her tantalizin' words from penetratin' into your feelin's." And Fluther, the carpenter, is as sound as we can wish: Liam Redmond, rubicund, kind hearted, explosive, ever ready (though he regrets it) for a glass o' malt, or (he does not regret this) to say either "derogatory" or "vice versa," of which he is as fond as Corporal Nym was of his "humour." The production will give strangers to "The Plough and the Stars" a very fair idea of its quality in performance. For others the years must slide suddenly away.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE IMPRESARIO FROM SMYRNA" (Arts).—Clifford Bax's graceful version of a Goldoni comedy—done at the Westminster in 1935—returns in an unimaginative performance without the right sense of style. (May 26.)
 "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS" (New Lindsey).—An Irish cast revives a masterpiece met too seldom in London: Sean O'Casey's tragic-comedy of the Dublin tenements that ends in the fiery tumult of Easter Week, 1916. The play was first staged in London during 1926. (May 27.)
 "DAS RHEINGOLD" (Covent Garden).—A new "Ring" cycle begins, produced by Rudolf Hartmann and conducted by Fritz Stiedry. (May 27.)
 "BIRTHDAY EDITION" (New Watergate).—A pleasant intimate revue; some good numbers by Diana Morgan and Robert MacDermot. (May 27.)

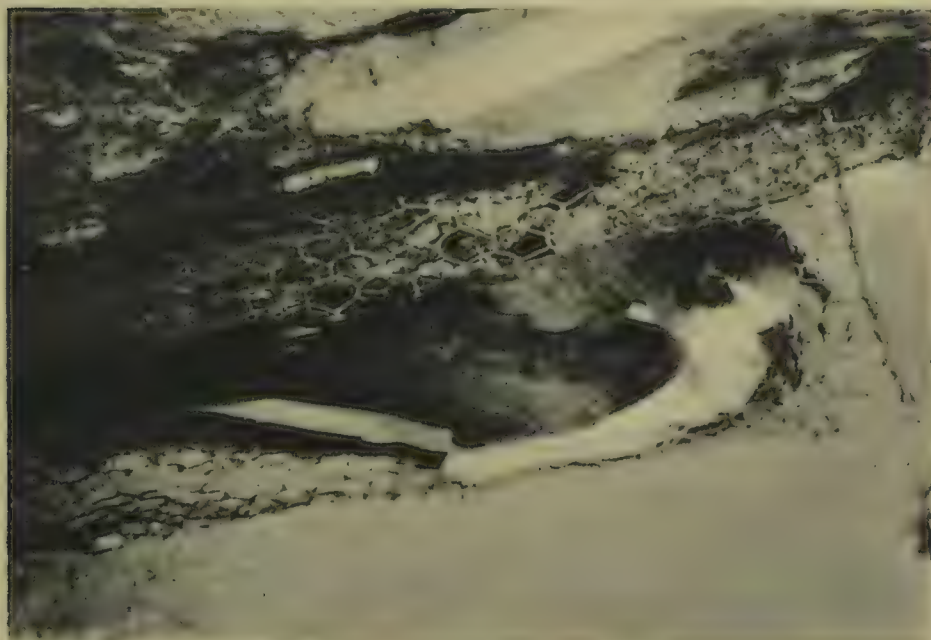
A DELACROIX PAINTING ON A NIGHT-SHIRT, AND MATTERS MILITARY AND SCIENTIFIC.



FRENCH TROOPS TAKING OVER FROM BRITISH AT THE SPANDAU PRISON, BERLIN, WHERE THE PRINCIPAL NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ARE SERVING TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT. THE GUARD IS MOUNTED ON A MONTHLY ROTATION BY BRITISH, FRENCH, AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN TROOPS.



REPUTEDLY PAINTED ON GEORGE SAND'S NIGHT-SHIRT: "A READING LESSON," BY F. V. E. DELACROIX, NOW EXHIBITED AT PARIS. IT IS SAID THAT DELACROIX HAD NO CANVAS AND GEORGE SAND, HIS HOSTESS IN THE COUNTRY, OFFERED THE GARMENT INSTEAD.



PROTECTING THE RARE BERMUDIAN CAHOW AGAINST EXTERMINATION: A WIRE PROTECTION WHICH KEEPS OUT THE LONGTAIL, ANOTHER SEA-BIRD WHICH KILLS THE CHICKS. In our issues of March 3, March 10 and April 7, 1951, we told of the discovery of living Cahows, a Bermudian petrel, believed extinct and the efforts which were being made to preserve it from extermination. It has now been discovered that another sea-bird, the Longtail, destroys the chicks, and Cahow nests are now being wired to prevent the entry of Longtails.



A "LIVING FOSSIL" AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: A CAST OF A COELACANTH FISH (*LATIMERIA CHALUMNÆ*), WHICH HAS BEEN LENT TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, AND IS NOW ON EXHIBITION.

The capture off South Africa just before the war and, more recently, off Madagascar, of examples of a Coelacanth fish which dates back to Devonian times and was believed extinct from the Cretaceous period, has aroused great interest. A cast has now been lent to the Natural History Museum by the National Natural History Museum of Paris.



LAVA SPURTING FROM A CRACK THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE LONG IN THE FLOOR OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANO. THIS IS KILAUEA'S FIRST ERUPTION SINCE 1928. THE ERUPTION WAS ACCOMPANIED BY EARTH TREMORS.



SAVING A PONY FROM A MUD-POOL IN A GOLF-COURSE NEAR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES: MR. J. CUSACK, AN OFFICIAL OF THE R.S.P.C.A., PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE COURSE OF A NINETY-MINUTE STRUGGLE WHICH WAS CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

AN UNDERWATER CORPS DE BALLET: VARIETIES OF GOLDFISH.



"ALL THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH": WITH GROTESQUE EYES YET A GRACEFUL BODY THE TELESCOPE-EYED VEILTAIL IS FASCINATING TO WATCH.



THE OTHELLO OF THE UNDERWATER BALLET: THE BLACK VELVET MOOR, WITH LONG FINS AND PROTRUDING EYES.

The hobby of keeping tropical fish, or the ever-popular goldfish in its many varieties, in tanks at home for their decorative value is increasing in popularity, and the Seventh National Aquarium Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, due to be held from June 10-12, will, no doubt, arouse great interest. In sending us the photographs of these goldfish, taken by Mr. L. E. Perkins, which we reproduce on these pages, his brother, Mr. N. E. Perkins, writes:

ALTHOUGH it is now over 1000 years since the Chinese first developed the goldfish from the little bronze carp, *Carassius auratus*, the attempt to establish a pedigree for the various varieties which followed that first deviation from the wild fish has always been avoided as something too difficult to achieve. There is no doubt that a greater variation in structure occurs in *Carassius auratus* than is found in any other species of animal, and since over the centuries the various types have constantly been interbred to produce still further variations, it will be readily understood that the task of developing true breeding specimens to a given standard will be extremely difficult. The Goldfish Society of Great Britain, which was founded in 1946 under the technical direction of Mr. R. J. Affleck, M.Sc., M.R.S.T., is primarily

(Continued opposite.



"O SCALY, SLIPPERY, WET, SWIFT, STARING WIGHTS, WHAT IS 'T YE DO? WHAT LIFE LEAD? EH, DULL GOGGLES?": THE CHINESE CELESTIAL GOLDFISH, OF WHICH THERE ARE THREE SPECIMENS AT THE NATIONAL AQUARIUM EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL.



WITH AN EMBELLISHED HEAD SUGGESTING AN EDWARDIAN TOQUE WORN VERY FAR FORWARD: THE POMPON, WITH NARIAL OR NASAL BOUQUETS FORMED BY THE ENLARGEMENT OF ITS NASAL FLAPS.



THE PEARL-SCALED FANTAIL, THE RAISED EXCRESCENCES IN THE CENTRE OF EACH SCALE GIVING AN ARMoured APPEARANCE.



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE AQUARIUM'S UNDERWATER BALLET : A VEILTAIL GOLDFISH WITH LONG, SUPPLE FINS AND TAIL WHICH WEAVE ABOUT IN THE WATER LIKE FLOATING CHIFFON SCARVES.

Continued.
scientific in outlook and is working with this end in view, and has already made good progress. It must be realised that, as regards such fish as veiltails, development has been on such a scale that they could never survive under natural conditions, and, furthermore, the structure of the fish has been so materially altered, both internally and externally, that they bear no resemblance whatever to the original wild forbear. I think it will be agreed that for grace and symmetry a good veiltail has no equal in the fish world. Of the other highly developed types, it would appear that their claim to attention is based principally on their grotesque appearance. The range of colour now possible amongst the goldfish varieties is truly remarkable. Shubunkins of a rich, kingfisher blue

interspersed with splashes of red, orange, black and violet make one ponder on the mysteries of Mendelism, while the fact that these brilliant specimens do not necessarily produce similar offspring increases the magnitude of the problem still further. In recent years it has been realised that set-up aquaria have a very definite therapeutic value, and they are now used in many hospitals for the soothing effect they produce on the minds of human beings. This remarkable fact is probably the main cause behind the phenomenal increase in the numbers of aquarium keepers in these troubled times, and with the advance of aquatic knowledge many find solace in the puzzling problems arising from this harmless and peaceful pursuit.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WHEN NAPOLEON WAS EMPEROR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I DOUBT whether it would be possible to find a piece of furniture better-suited to illustrate the virtues or defects of the official style of the French Empire than the monumental commode of Fig. 3, which, with its identical companion, came up for sale at Christie's in April. A generation ago it was the fashion to regard such things as heavy and sombre, wholly lacking the graces of the previous century; and for that reason scarcely worth attention. Since then the pendulum has swung a long way—some will say, too far—in the other direction, and we are no longer quite so off-hand in our judgments. In any case, whether we would like to live with it or no, it is at least fine enough to warrant more than a hasty glance. Moreover, the period in which it was made is peculiarly fascinating in the history of interior decoration, for, after the tumult of the Revolution and the Consulate, the many-sided Emperor—one is apt to forget that he was a great deal more than a military genius—was determined, among other things, to rehabilitate French industry, and by so doing to consolidate the régime.

It is easy to forget that for several years Napoleon was master of Europe from Königsberg to Seville, and that the Peace of Amiens seemed, at the time, to offer every hope of peaceful progress. This is not to imply that the Emperor was his own Minister of Fine Arts; what he wanted was a style, austere, noble and impressive, which would mark the difference between the

Egyptian exploit had an indirect influence upon our incomparable and august British Museum. Lord Elgin, appointed Ambassador to Constantinople in 1799, had obtained leave to have five artists (draughtsmen and moulders) working in Athens. They reported that the sculptures of the Parthenon were being steadily and remorselessly destroyed by the Turks, and he then decided to try and save what he could, but failed to obtain the necessary firman from the Sultan. Nelson's victory of the Nile completely changed the Turkish attitude, the firman was granted without more ado, and after many vicissitudes and many years, the Elgin marbles came to England. Had Napoleon never embarked for Egypt it is in the highest degree

The two butterflies in the centre, also in ormolu, seem to me as near perfect as possible, and specially effective because they stand alone; they do, in fact, cunningly draw attention to the beauty of the wood. One thing is noticeable in all the best Empire furniture—the crispness of the ormolu castings, however dry and formal the design.

That the beginnings of this rigid and somewhat ponderous style were visible long before Napoleon had been heard of seems to be shown by the commode of Fig. 2. If you are inclined to this kind of speculation, you can well argue that something like the Empire style would have happened even if there had never been an Empire or any political upset whatever—and no one will be able to prove you wrong. Seriously

though, the seeds of one style are invariably to be found in its predecessor, and they seem to me to be evident here. Like so many other eighteenth-century masters, the maker, G. Beneman, was of German origin and supplanted the great Riesener in Royal favour in 1785. This particular piece is, for him, comparatively sober, and he has used ormolu with beautiful discretion. None the less, the contrast seems to me profound. Fig. 2, for all its massive line, is far livelier and more flexible in design. Back again in time to Fig. 1, which provides a first-class example of the mode of the middle of the century; by H. Hansen, who became Master in 1747. Kingwood veneer on a rosewood ground, ormolu handles, corner plaques and toes—scrolls, flower sprays, foliage, and what have you—but how beautifully composed!

And now comes the real puzzle, which makes hay of the suggestion that you can trace the beginnings of any given style in that which preceded it. Who on earth, looking at the designs, say, for the Great Exhibition of 1851, and then casting his mind back to the English furniture of the eighteenth century and the first few years of the nineteenth, could discover in the latter any hint of the curious aberrations which were destined to flourish so successfully? Similarly, who can guess from any one of the three pieces on this page—each of them fine things in their particular mode—what was going to happen to furniture design by the time Prince Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor? No one, it seems to me, has yet produced a satisfactory answer. The French explanation is industrialisation and the rise of the middle classes, who were interested only in comfort. That, surely, is not more than a half-truth, for of all the beastly, uncomfortable objects in



FIG. 1. A FIRST-CLASS EXAMPLE OF THE MODE OF THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A LOUIS XV. LIBRARY TABLE STAMPED H. HANSEN ME IN TWO PLACES. This table, which has a curved border to the rectangular top, is supported on square tapering legs. The panels are veneered with kingwood on a rosewood ground, the top with red leather panels, and the handles, escutcheons, corner plaques and toes with which it is mounted are of ormolu. It is stamped H. Hansen ME in two places. H. Hansen was made Master in 1747.

improbable that the Parthenon sculptures would be in existence to-day. If Fontaine and Percier were the high-priests of the Empire style, it would be fair to give the man who made this commode of Fig. 3 the title of archdeacon-cabinet-maker, for it was he who was mainly responsible for the refurnishing of the various residences, among them Fontainebleau. He was F.-H. Jacob (1770-1841);



FIG. 2. SURMOUNTED BY A ROUGE ROYALE MARBLE SLAB: A LOUIS XVI. COMMUNE BY G. BENEMAN.

This mahogany commode has an almost rectangular top and canted angles, and is surmounted with a Rouge Royale marble slab. It is stamped G. Beneman in two places. G. Beneman, made master in 1785, was the principal furnisher to the French Court during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI.

Empire and the Monarchy, and he found two men exactly fitted for the task in the persons of Fontaine and Percier, inseparable collaborators in innumerable enterprises, the former mainly an architect, the latter dealing more specifically with designs for interior decoration and for industry generally. It was these two hard-working exponents of a rigid neo-classicism who set both the tone and the pace. It has been well said that in getting rid of old corruptions, revolutions generally succeed also in destroying old graces. This is true enough in politics, and it would be tempting to apply the same rule to what happened to the domestic arts in France after about 1800, were it not possible to see a change in style already beginning before the cataclysm of 1789, for the enthusiasm for the antique was no new thing, and the more knowledge of the past grew, the more was that knowledge reflected in furniture and decoration. Then came the Expedition to Egypt and the craze for Egyptian design, which, like other crazes, spread to England as well.

Oddly enough—and here I'm going off at a tangent; I apologise, but just can't resist the temptation—this

who was in partnership with his brother Georges until the latter died in 1803; they were sons of the more famous Georges Jacob (1739-1814), whose graceful chairs especially will not be unknown to anyone who takes more than a casual interest in the later eighteenth-century furniture; among other innovations he was among the first to make extensive use of mahogany. The modern eye will perhaps find the gilded lions at the corners of this piece a trifle out of character, but apart from that I would suggest that the use of broad panels of beautifully grained mahogany set off by ormolu moulded borders and three ormolu plaques cast and chased with foliage, etc., is very near to-day's ideal, though whether that ideal is good or bad is another matter.



FIG. 3. SURMOUNTED BY A VEINED GREY MARBLE SLAB: A LARGE EMPIRE MAHOGANY CABINET, STAMPED JACOB D. R. MESLEE. ONE OF A PAIR.

Of this "monumental commode," Frank Davis writes: "I doubt whether it would be possible to find a piece of furniture better-suited to illustrate the virtues or defects of the official style of the French Empire." It is stamped Jacob D. R. Meslee. F.-H. Jacob, on the death of his brother in 1803, formed a new firm under the name of Jacob Desmaltre et Cie, using the above stamp. He was employed in refurnishing Fontainebleau for Napoleon I.

Illustrations by courtesy of Christie's.

the world, the chairs and settees, and so forth, of the reign of Louis Philippe, or of the early years of Queen Victoria, are as martyring to the human frame as those of any other century. It is a most curious phenomenon that, after three or four generations in which, on the whole, a feeling for coherent design and ornament which, if sometimes ornate, was invariably logical, was the natural endowment of the craftsman, should have degenerated into a mere jumble of extravagances. Or shall we all, as the years pass, discover virtues even in these?

"PARIS IN THE 'NINETIES": A LONDON EXHIBITION
ILLUSTRATING "A TURNING OF THE ROAD IN ART."



(LEFT.)
"LE MOTEUR"
(STUDY FOR THE
BOOK COVER); BY
HENRI DE TOULOUSE-
LAUTREC (1864-1901).
(Drawing; 18½ by 22 ins.)

"PARIS in the
'Nineties' is
the title of a Loan
Exhibition of
paintings and draw-
ings by Bonnard,
Maurice Denis,
Roussel, Sérusier,
Toulouse-Lautrec,
Vallotton and Vuil-
lard; and works by
lesser men, such as
Albert André,
Ibels, Laprade,
[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.)
"A SAINT LAZARE";
BY HENRI DE TOU-
LOUSE-LAUTREC
(1864-1901), SIGNED
AND DATED '86-'89.
(Oil on millboard;
26½ by 19½ ins.)



"LA TOILETTE"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-
LAUTREC (1864-1901), A PARTICULARLY FINE
EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK. (Oil on millboard; 22½ by 15½ ins.)



"LA TANTE SOREL"; BY EDOUARD VUILLARD
(1868-1940), WHO, WITH BONNARD, WAS ONE OF THE
"NABI" GROUP, FOUNDED BY SÉRUSIER.
(Drawing; 21½ by 16½ ins.)



"LA REVUE BLANCHE: PORTRAIT DE MISIA"; BY HENRI
DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901). THADÉE NATANSON,
FIRST HUSBAND OF THE SITTER, WROTE IN "LA REVUE
BLANCHE." (Oil on millboard; 37½ by 28½ ins.)



"FEMME À L'ÉVENTAIL" ("WOMAN WITH A FAN"); BY PAUL RANSON
(1862-1909), FOUNDER OF THE ACADEMY WHICH BEARS HIS NAME.
(Oil on canvas; 18½ by 21½ ins.)



"LE POT ET LES DEUX ALLUMETTES" ("THE POT AND THE TWO MATCHES");
BY KER XAVIER ROUSSEL (1867-1944), BROTHER-IN-LAW OF VUILLARD.
(Oil on panel; 8½ by 11 ins.)

Continued.]

Ranson and Rippl-Ronay, at Wildenstein's New Bond Street Galleries. The display, designed to illustrate the artistic activity in Paris at this period, which Maurice Denis, the religious painter, described as "a turning of the road in art," will continue until June 23. In 1890 Manet had been dead for seven years, Toulouse-Lautrec was twenty-six and had not yet drawn La Gouloue, Jane Avril, Yvette Guilbert or the street scenes which made him

famous; and in the same year Paul Sérusier (founder of the "Nabi" movement), who was then leading student at Julian's, met Gauguin in Brittany. Misia, whose portrait we reproduce, was herself an artist and pianist. She married Thadée Natanson, brother of the founder of "La Revue Blanche" and "Le Cri de Paris." She subsequently became the wife of Edwards, the millionaire, and later of José-Marie Sert, the mural painter.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOVELS can only pair off in a lively way, and form a mutually revealing contrast, when there is some affinity in subject-matter. This week we have an exquisite example: a brace of "love stories," each by a distinguished woman writer, each working up to a divorce, and told from the wife's point of view—and yet so utterly distinct in kind and feeling that one could express the gulf in all manner of different terms. One of them could be summed up as a "slice of life," the other as a pre-romantic tragedy. Or it could be said that one presents love as it *really* is, the other as it is essentially (which does not come to the same thing). Or each might be regarded as an emanation of the leading figure; then you could label one piece the Eternal Feminine, and its companion the New Woman. Both are old-fashioned tags, but they apply.

"An Impossible Marriage," by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is the slice of life—although the phrase rather suggests an all-too-solid helping of external fact, whereas the tale is full of inwardness and humour. Still, it is accurate enough; over a dizzy interval of years and of implied success, Christine is looking down, not simply at an early love-affair, but at a whole stage in her past. The "impossible marriage" ought strictly to be called "the injudicious marriage," or possibly "the dead-end marriage"; for it is nothing worse than a dead-end. But, then, to Christine nothing could be worse. She has been "caught," like a green youth in older fiction, at the very outset of the game—swooping the wide unknown for a contemptibly small ring and a suburban duty. But she is not of those who can't get out. Even before the wedding-day she knew it was no final bargain.

Which puts her in an unattractive light: especially as Ned was her own doing, and has a sad, unswerving passion for her. But that is just my point, about the fairly-new woman in literature. Of old, "nice girls" were not supposed to have mixed feelings; they were supposed to be a bunch of Juliets, from their earliest years. If they were "caught," it could be only by true love for an unworthy man. Yet Christine is a perfectly nice girl. She is romantic, too—one of the most romantic of her youthful set, pursuing flirtation and philosophy in the blue dusk of Clapham Common. Where she goes wrong is in being a person, just like the young men, and not, as femininity requires, different in kind. Romance and personal advancement, and prestige and love, are all important to her, and mixed up. And she is very young, and can't wait for the future. Ned starts off with the glamour of maturity—he is thirty-two to her eighteen—and of a brusque, unsteady courtship, a car, a camel-hair coat, and an address in W.I. But the suspense and glamour are a façade; really he is a poor thing, but her very own. So, on the whole, she doesn't want him. Then her friend Iris, the incorrigible grabber, makes a sudden pounce—and she does want him, after all. He proves a hopeless drag, and she is therefore fated to get rid of him.

But I can see it is no use. The outline has to be a libel; the reality is simple nature, and not at all wanting in heart.

OTHER FICTION.

Those who demand a lot more still should be enraptured with "The Tortoise and the Hare," by Elizabeth Jenkins (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), where love and suffering are the whole works. Imogen Gresham is as feminine as Desdemona, and more cruelly used. For Desdemona's husband only smothered her, which had its flattering side. Imogen's calmly grinds her to the dust, in an emotional equivalent of the *peine forte et dure*.

He is an eminent K.C., fifteen years older than his wife. When they were married he adored her. And she is still the same—wistful, *distraite*, a creature of poetic charm. But Evelyn is not the same; for one thing, he is chronically overworked, and what he wants at home is neither grace nor sensibility, but smoothness. Imogen does her best, and suffers agonies at every flaw, but simply hasn't what it takes. And worse than that: at fifty-two, he finds romantic charm rather an irritant. Somebody with a passionate, prosaic nature would be more his style. And there is somebody close by—someone rich, capable, a mine of voluntary services, avid for love, passionate and prosaic to the last degree. Imogen dreads no danger in the vulgar sense, for the nice, practical Miss Silcox is an ageing frump. But she is pushed out more and more—always a little further and more blatantly than she expected.

This central theme is utterly absorbing and intensely true. It is designed to wring the heart, and does. Also it is designed, under a thin skin of impartiality, to make the blood boil against Evelyn. Which may be illegitimate, but it comes off; at least, with me it did. The rest, however, is all stuff—a padding of irrelevant and ghostly figures and uninspired "relief."

"The Harrowing of Hubertus," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), follows on "Children of Kaywana"—for those who don't remember it, a saga of unbridled lust and cruelty in the West Indies in their earliest days, and of those noble monsters, the van Groenwegels, who "never ran." By now things are a trifle more respectable. Indeed, Hubertus, with his prim English wife and cult of self-restraint, might be the high priest of respectability. But it is half a sham; he groans incessantly over his blood ("the blood of beasts") and yet can't help exulting in it. This life-long conflict is the "harrowing." Torrid amours continue; while, incidentally, the colony keeps changing hands, and launches rather dismally on its first town. I should have liked more background and less passion. But I ought not to judge; for though the story has great vigour, to me the whole van Groenwegel connection, with Hubertus at its head, is almost solidly unreal.

"Death to Windward," by Henry Brinton (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), has an atomic-spy theme with a difference. It opens on a small yacht in a hurricane; John Strang fishes a lovely girl out of the Channel from a foundering boat, and thus gets in on her adventure. There is one quite new feature in the plot, and a fine close at sea; and the story is well-written and entertainingly romantic.

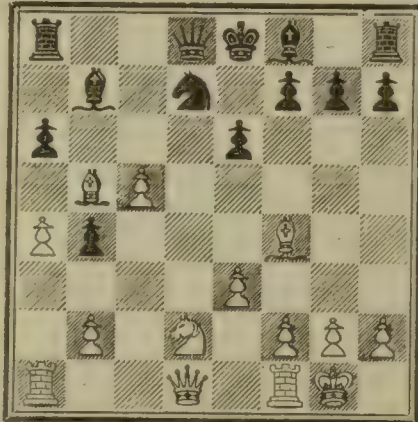
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two 1953 games which, for their total tally of forty moves, have astounding depth.

A Queen's Gambit Declined from the Argentine:

- | | | | |
|--|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| GUIMARD
White | PLECI
Black | GUIMARD
White | PLECI
Black |
| 1. P-Q4 | Kt-KB3 | 4. B-Kt5 | QKt-Q2 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | P-K3 | 5. P-K3 | P-B3 |
| 3. P-QB4 | P-Q4 | 6. B-Q3 | Q-R4ch |
| Not so good when White's QKt can go to Q2. | | | |
| 7. QKt-Q2 | P×P | 9. B-B4 | P-QKt4 |
| 8. B×BP | Kt-K5 | | |
| 9... P-KKt4, tried in an earlier Argentine game, failed against, not 10. B-KKt3? P-Kt5; 11. Kt-K5, Kt×QKt; winning a piece (12. Q×Kt? B-Kt5) but against 10. B-B7! Q×B; 11. Kt×Kt, after which White has the better development. | | | |
| 10. B-Q3 | Kt×Kt | 12. Castles | P-QB4 |
| 11. Kt×Kt | B-Kt2 | | |
| To open up the game benefits the better-developed player—certainly not Black here. | | | |
| 13. P-QR4! | P-Kt5 | 15. P×P | P-QR3 |
| 14. B-QKt5 | Q-Q1 | | |



A sudden whiff of the charnel-house. Why didn't Black play 15... KB×P...? Because of the reply, 16. Kt-Kt3, and now

- (a) 16... B-Kt3; 17. P-R5, B-B2; 18. Kt-B5...;
 (b) 16... B-K2; 17. Kt-R5! B-Q4; 18. Kt-B6...;
 (c) 16... R-QB1; 17. Kt×B, R×Kt; 18. Q-Q4 and 19. Q×KKtP.
 16. P-B6! P×B 18. P×P R×P
 17. P×B R-R2 19. Q-B3! Q-Kt3
 Or 19... R×P; 20. R-R8, Kt-Kt1; 21. Kt-B4 threatening 22. Kt-K5 or Q-Kt3, etc.
 20. R-R8ch K-K2
 20... Kt-Kt1 would leave White a piece up:
 21. Q×R! Q×Q; 22. R×Ktch, Q×R; 23. B×Q.
 21. Kt-B4 and Black resigned, as he must be mated or give up his queen.

A King's Gambit from Holland:

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| EGGINK
White | SASSEN
Black | EGGINK
White | SASSEN
Black |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 5. Kt-B3 | Kt×P! |
| 2. P-KB4 | P×P | 6. B×Pch | K×B |
| 3. Kt-KB3 | B-K2 | 7. Kt-K5ch | K-K3? |
| 4. B-B4 | Kt-KB3 | | |

Exposing his king. He is never out of trouble henceforth. Yet 7... K-Kt1; 8. Kt×Kt, P-Q3 would have given him a perfectly good game.

8. P-Q4 Kt×Kt 10. P×Kt R-B1
 9. Q-Kt4ch K-Q4 11. B×P

The attractive alternative, 11. P-B4ch, K×QP; 12. B-Ktch leads only to a dead end; but 11. Q-K2 might be the best.

11... R×B 14. QR-K1 P-B4
 12. Q×R B-B3 15. P-B4ch K-K3
 13. Castles(K) Q-Kt1

If 15... K-Q3, then 16. Kt-B7 double check.

16. Kt-B6disch K-B2 18. Q×Bch! P×Q

17. R-K7ch K-B1 19. R×BPch Resigns

SAD RELICS.

MR. JAMES POPE-HENNESSY first attracted my attention with his two-volume biography of Monckton Milnes. Surely, I said to myself, if anyone can make that least interesting of figures come to life, his subsequent books will be worth watching? I am rewarded. His "The Baths of Absalom" (Wingate; 7s. 6d.), as if to compensate for those Monckton Milnes (two volumes), scarcely rates—as our American friends say—one. Yet it is something more than a vivid, indeed brilliantly written, little travel book about the West Indian islands. It is a book written with a message and by a man who, albeit modestly, has a mission. It deals, in a nutshell, with the shocking neglect, the blindness and the stupidity with which we have treated our West Indian possessions. It is not a book which will be read with pleasure in the Colonial Office.

But then, the Colonial Office, with only two inspired administrators in the last sixty years of its existence, Joe Chamberlain and the late Lord Lloyd, is the *fons et origo* of all our troubles in the territories whose ferments now threaten the free world—and not all the devoted efforts of the men in the field, district officers and commissioners, the men who in the final analysis get shot at by those they have striven to serve, can offset the deadening effect of Whitehall. Compare the neglected rag-bags of our West African colonies, seething with discontent, self-driven towards a self-government for which they are totally unprepared, with the order, the prosperity, the content of, say, the Belgian Congo. Compare, as Mr. Pope-Hennessy does, quietly, without rancour, but with deadly effect, our rotting islands of St. Lucia and Dominica with neighbouring French Martinique. It is an odious comparison. Throughout his journeyings he follows, as the sub-title of his book suggests, in the footsteps of James Anthony Froude, whose "English in the West Indies," written in 1886, still arouses resentment in white bosoms in the islands. The tragedy of the West Indies is, however, that the conditions which aroused the indignation of the great historian nearly seventy years ago, so far from having improved, in the interval have, in many of the islands, actually become worse. Mr. Pope-Hennessy recognises that in the West Indies all struggle is uphill. The climate—though it varies sufficiently to make generalisation impossible—is against the reforming European. Occasional British administrators or individuals, a Sir Hesketh Bell, a Sir Henry Nicholls, have made headway against the forces of nature and the legacy of slavery. The French have succeeded. Why, asks Mr. Pope-Hennessy, cannot we? Why, indeed. Meanwhile, "pathetically loyal to this country, pathetically proud of being British, these little islands constitute a stain on England's record which should long ago have been erased." If I have stressed the moral of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's book, it should not be allowed to distract the reader from the fact that the book itself is one of the best-written travel books I have had the pleasure of reading for some time. The explanation of its curious title? I leave that to you to find out for yourself.

Another excessively well-written book is Mr. Robert Liddell's "Aegean Greece" (Cape; 25s.). Reading this book is like taking a long holiday in the most pleasing of surroundings. Where Mr. Pope-Hennessy's background canvases are steamy forest and rotting vegetation, Mr. Liddell's are those islands which are the true glory that is Greece—whatever any Athenian friends may say: islands that look from the air like jewels set in the fantastic colours of the sea, and which are forever purified to (it must be admitted) the point of desiccation by Apollo himself. Mr. Liddell is a scholar, an observer and a wit. He is, in fact, the perfect traveller—possessing, moreover, the precious gift of not being seasick in the most crowded, unhappy, swell-tossed caïque. His first attribute brings us, as does everything in Hellenic lands, in constant, easy contact with that past which is ever present, so that one moment we are discussing a sulky and dishonest muleteer, the next we are re-living the tragedy of Phædra, of Hippolytus among his Enetian colts, and of forsworn and blunt-perceptioned Theseus. His second makes him the perfect guide, and his third (this is becoming like an acrostic!) illumines the whole. His journeyings take him, and us, not merely through the islands of the Cyclades (the name itself should surely stir any man of sensibility), but to the Dodecanese and to the lesser-known Northern Sporades. Mr. Liddell is, however, no blind philhellene. The exasperations of Greek travel; the insatiable curiosity of all Greeks who, as he rightly says, have no inward life; above all, the horrors of Greek cooking are not withheld from us.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy and Mr. Liddell have carried me so far that I cannot do real justice to another excellent book, "Fair Greece Sad Relic," by Terence Spencer (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25s.). For Mr. Spencer most admirably and interestingly sets out to trace the history of literary philhellenism before Byron. His success is to be found in this book. He points out the handicaps of the early philhellenes from the Renaissance onwards: the contempt in which the Greeks, of the great age as *men* were held by the Romans, the references which stud Roman literature to their lasciviousness, drunkenness and double-dealing, the extraordinary confusion of Renaissance scholars of the Turks with the Trojans (*Teucri*) which made the conquest of Greece but a long-term revenge by descendants of the kinsmen of Aeneas for the sack of Troy; the contempt felt by scholarly English travellers for the slavishness of their subjection, the dislike felt by all who had commercial dealings with them for their tortuousness and dishonesty. Yet through it all, philhellenism, which was largely an English phenomenon, steadily waxed so that Byron is seen not so much as a pioneer, but as the keystone of an arch. A scholarly and fascinating book which will only be marred, for those who have had to do business with the putative descendants of Pericles, by the uncritical nature of his philhellenism.

I forgot to mention the fine photographs which adorn Mr. Liddell's book. They pale, however, into insignificance beside Mr. Martin Hürlimann's in "Eternal Greece" (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). I have long ago exhausted my superlatives on this great Swiss photographer's earlier books. I will only say—and no more need be said—that they are as good as usual.

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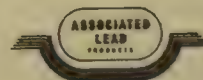
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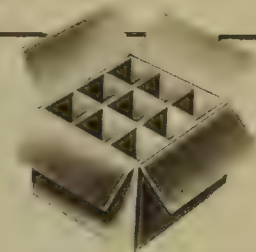
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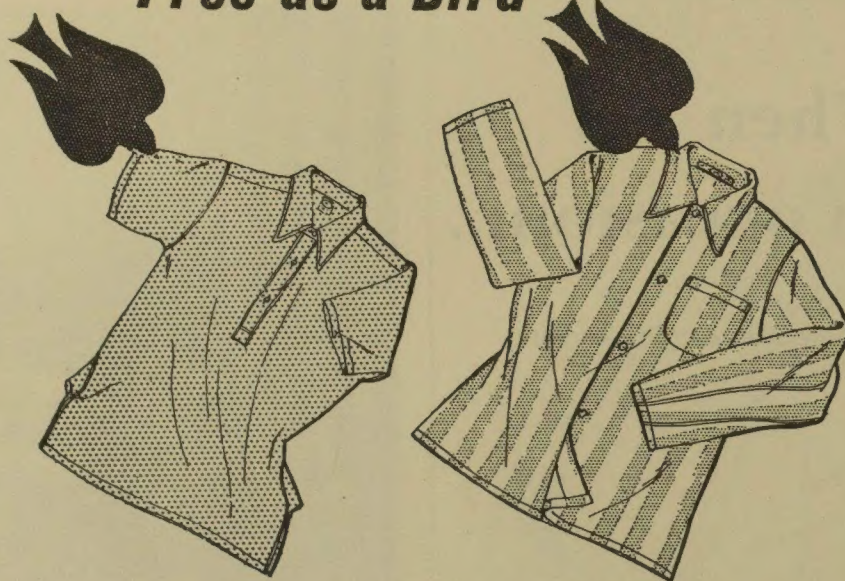


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